★ JOHN BULL, JUNE 15, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1774

AIR RAID INSURANCE FREE for EVERY READER

MAKE BRITAIN FOOL PROOF

HOW AMERICA CAN HELP by A.G.G.

"NO, I TELL YOU—I'M NOT READY!

DO THE WASHING-UP YOURSELF—THEN YOU'LL SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES!

"COME, COME, MY DEAR! IF YOU'D ONLY USE OXYDOL YOU'D GET YOUR WASHING-UP DONE IN HALF THE TIME!"

OXYDOL

Huh, how can Oxydol halve the time of washing-up?

I'll tell you. First, you don't need to wipe after you've washed up with this new granulated soap, Oxydol. Just give a hot rinse and leave everything to dry by itself. Secondly, Oxydol dissolves instantly and has an amazing double lather that shifts grease in a flash. You'll finish the job in half the time!

Half the time? Surely I can't get everything really clean that way?

Oh, yes you can. Oxydol puts a tip-top sparkle on every plate, glass and dish! Not a smear anywhere.

That's wonderful, but I suppose I'll have to pay more to wash up like this?

No! Oxydol will save you money because it goes twice as far. You can do double the work for your money! You'll be thrilled, too, to find that Oxydol is so kind to your hands.

Well, Mrs. Mundy, if Oxydol's going to save me all that time and money, and wash the dishes brighter, too, it's about time I started using Oxydol! I'd better get a package of Oxydol today!

GET THE SHILLING SIZE. IT'S THE BIGGEST MONEY-SAVER OF ALL!

MEET MRS. MUNDY, every housewife's fairy-godmother! Mrs. Mundy says: "Use Oxydol for your weekly wash, too! Away with all these fancy soaps and things. Oxydol washes whites gleaming white and coloureds sparkling for *half* the cost!"

OXYDOL

Oxydol is on sale at all shops: 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY, LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

Her teeth are "white lies"

Look! the dentist's mirror gives the warning. Tartar! Behind the teeth!

Friends admire her charming smile. But they little know the big white lies her teeth are telling! And neither does she. That's the pity . . . the danger . . . of it. Nice white teeth — to look at! But oh, the unpleasant tartar *behind* them! She ought to know the truth about tartar — and Solidox.

Think of this — gums loosened by tartar can become the breeding ground of germs that may cause serious trouble to teeth. Ordinary brushing fails utterly to remove it once it has taken a hold.

Solidox loosens and removes tartar. Why? Because Solidox is the only toothpaste that contains Ricinosulphate — the anti-tartar ingredient. That's why *you* should use Solidox.

And Solidox is so gentle in action that it can't hurt sensitive enamel. Mention to your dentist that you're using Solidox now. He'll approve!

Tartar is the enemy of sound teeth. Your dentist knows that — that's why Solidox is so necessary. Take the dentist's advice. Protect your teeth and gums from tartar-bred troubles. Use Solidox — and be safe!

Covered by British Patent No. 250942

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

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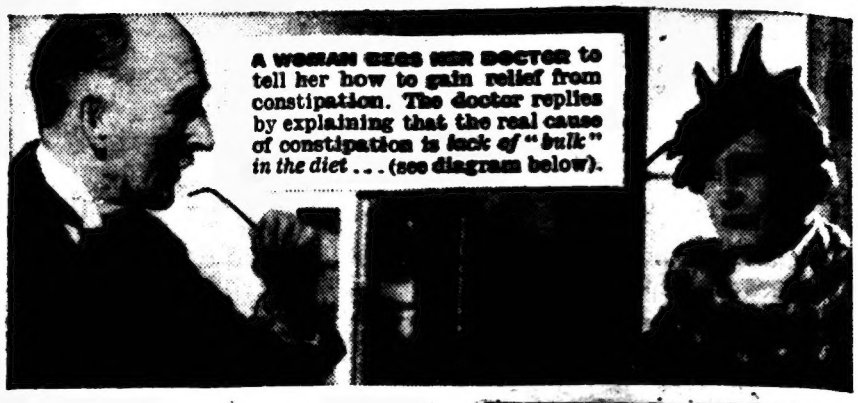
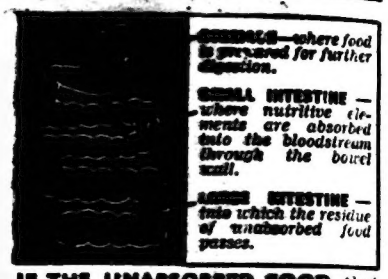

A WOMAN SEES HER DOCTOR to tell her how to gain relief from constipation. The doctor replies by explaining that the real cause of constipation is *lack of "bulk" in the diet* . . . (see diagram below).

A FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION


STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

IF THE UNABSORBED FOOD that passes into the large intestine is not bulky enough, the muscles cannot "take hold" of it. You get constipated.

THE foods we depend on today contain very little "bulk."

Meat, fish, white bread, milk, potatoes, eggs — our daily staples — get almost entirely absorbed into the system. Because of this, the muscles of the large intestine have nothing to "take hold of." They cease to work and you get constipated.

Don't expect purgatives to give you lasting relief. They shock the bowel into action, but that action over, you soon need another purgative. Besides, constantly shocking the bowel may lead to serious harm.

Doctors today recommend Kellogg's All-Bran. This natural bulk food relieves constipation *naturally* by supplying the bulk missing from our present day food.

Eat All-Bran regularly every day, drink plenty of fluids and you can say goodbye to constipation. You'll be gloriously healthy and full of energy. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran, 7½d. a packet.

ALL-BRAN provides the "bulk" that muscles need to take hold of and so brings about a normal regular movement. All-Bran is not a drug, not a medicine, but a crisp breakfast food.

MY OLD SELF AGAIN. "Some months back I could hardly drag myself round. I had my suspicions that constipation was the trouble, but could find no permanent relief. Then my wife started giving me All-Bran for breakfast. Within two weeks I was 'regular' and now I'm full of energy." (*Letter on file.*)

TO AVOID FLATULENCE

AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

After your Bath

Enjoy the soothing and cooling comfort of an "all over" dusting with Cuticura Talcum. The purest of all talcum powders, it absorbs perspiration, prevents irritation, and keeps you delightfully fresh and fragrant all day.

185

Cuticura TALCUM

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

Germolene

Brand ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALED HER INJURED WRIST

Read this Amazing Tribute

GERMOLENE QUICKLY HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS RASHES SPOTS ABSCESSES ULCERS, etc.

"I am writing to express my thanks for *Germolene*. Five months ago I badly hurt my wrist in the mangle. Treatment failed to do me any good. Last Friday I sent for a tin of *Germolene* and after *four dressings*, my wrist is quite all right again.

I shall never be without a tin, my three children are always liable to bruises and falls and *Germolene* will always be useful."

Yours faithfully, Mrs. A. H., Wolverhampton.

Think of it! Five months' suffering ended by five applications of *Germolene*! You, too, should never be without a tin of this wonderful healing ointment. It is essential in EVERY House for prompt treatment of household accidents and to banish all skin suffering quickly and completely.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 2/- & 12/- Per Tin

FOR EMERGENCY USE ASK FOR Germoplast FIRST AID DRESSINGS CONTAINING GERMOLENE MEDICATION

MOTHER... Stop that cold before it takes hold!

The cold that hangs on must not be neglected — it may lead to asthma, chronic catarrh, head noises, deafness, bronchitis, sinus troubles—and *worse*. So check and smash that cold AT ONCE with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES.

These powerfully antiseptic Pastilles nip the cold in the head, dissipate catarrh, soothe inflamed passages, fill the lungs with healing antiseptic vapours—and soon the system is throwing off the cold.

Thousands go free every winter by keeping a tin of these wonderfully effective and quickly-acting Pastilles. The conveniently sized tin handy (suitable for pocket and handbag) is a protection when travelling, when in crowded places where infection is rife. 1/3d. any chemists, or 1/4½d. post free from sole makers:

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.

83y Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure*)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

G.P.25

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 15, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HITLER GETTING RECKLESS

STERNLY, relentlessly, the Battle for France—Reynaud's words—goes on.

Hitler thought it would be another Sedan—the sort of victory he expected to win in Flanders last month when Leopold ratted and everything looked black for us.

He has been disappointed.

Paying in Vain

Don't count the acres he buys here and there at frightful cost. Acres can't be destroyed. They have a way of finding their way back to their rightful owners.

We are doing a job that endures.

We are pulling down his superiority in aeroplanes, tanks, munitions, men.

Every week we tear a tooth and a claw from the man-eater at the door.

With the Spearhead

That numerical superiority of his isn't as real as you think.

In tanks that we have captured are skilled technicians whom he would never have thrown into the battle if he hadn't known that this was his last do-or-die attempt.

His best instructors are among his spearhead troops.

He knows that, win or lose, he'll have no further use for instructors.

Risk He Must Take

As to his temporary superiority in the appliances of war, he daren't permit a lull in the fighting.

We'll so soon outstrip him in aeroplanes and tanks, now that we've got really going.

Already he can only carry out that mass bombing of the Western front at the expense of the security of his Fatherland.

Vulnerable Industry

More than 60 per cent. of his heavy and armament industries are within half-an-hour's range of our fast bombers.

That makes those industries somewhat more vulnerable to air attack than our own, despite his seizure of the ports.

We know how he is draining machines from home defence.

But, testing our defences with minor raids, he cannot gauge our home defence strength. We're seeing to that.

Not Only Time—

What it means is not merely that time is against him, but tide as well.

True the tide is only just on the turn.

But remember Bevin's statement that in some arsenals and factories our war production is up 100 per cent. That figure should read 112 per cent. to-day!

And the biggest industrial drive concerns aeroplanes and tanks.

Stupid Faint-Hearts

There are faint-hearts who cannot see a ray of hope because we haven't begun a gigantic counter-attack.

Why should we throw flesh and blood against steel when, by waiting two months—less if our fighters of the furnace, forge and lathe keep it up—we can throw steel against steel?

And better steel.

Two months—three at most—and we'll have that counter-offensive.

Don't be Defeatist

Hitler clings to Ludendorff's theories.

And one of Ludendorff's theories reads: "It is time to use air attacks against the civilian population when the army is exhausted and you can make no further progress."

So recent attacks on French and British towns may portend military exhaustion.

See hope in such attacks. Don't let them make you defeatist.

What Are You Doing?

There is a lesson for *you* in those words of Ludendorff.

More and bigger raids are bound to come, just as German military exhaustion is bound to come if we hold out—which we will.

Have you got a job to do when it happens—a job for Britain?

And does it represent the best you can do, not just a bare conception of duty?

Duty is Not Enough

There is a man at Woolwich Arsenal who is working twelve hours a day.

He has undertaken an A.R.P. job.

He manages to help his wife a bit on their allotment.

He mows the lawn of a pal who is out in France. Yet he says: "If Jerry comes I should be able to find a rifle somewhere in this place."

In these days plain duty is not enough.

Nowhere to Go

Half the people of this country are still without shelters.

In one place everybody within a certain distance of an aerodrome has been evacuated.

For those people just outside that danger area there isn't any more cover than you'd find in an Anderson shelter.

They're Locked Out

Good news that strikes and lock-outs are impossible "for the duration." It would be treason if it were otherwise.

Yet we hear of certain actions that are dangerously like lock-outs.

There are hundreds of skilled munition-workers being stood off for days at a time for footling little offences.

They are locked out.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● **Hitler, producing aeroplanes at the rate of 350 a week, is loging them at twice that rate. One-fifth of his first-line air force has already been destroyed.**

● **Intense air war has suggested improvements in aircraft design to both sides. Nazis cannot embody them without stopping production for weeks. We can.**

● **Admiralty is delighted he showed us a few of his new torpedo-carrying speedboats off Dunkirk. We now know full capabilities of these boats, which he hopes to use for an invasion—and we know what to do with them.**

● *In same way we now know the exact effect of all British and French arms on every part of every type of German tank. Tanks of all kinds captured in Belgium have been fully tested on French ranges.*

● Roof has been found weakest point—hence we now attack with cannon-firing dive-bomber. Highly penetrating shrapnel will come into its own again.

● Known that Boche is living from hand-to-mouth with iron ore. Reserves cannot exceed one month's supply, and shipments from Sweden are less than before the invasion of Scandinavia.

● **Because she was over-generous to her Axis partner, Italy has acute food shortage. Bread is scarce, butter unprocurable, meat purchasable only three days a week—and the new wheat crop doesn't promise well.**

● A winter at war would be impossible for Italy—worse than for the Nazis, to whom it is a nightmare prospect.

● *Soviet press and wireless become distinctly more pro-Ally and less pro-German as British statesmen who have raised the Communist terror bogy recede into the background.*

● **Two Belgian divisions are fighting in France—and there are sufficient good reinforcements among Belgian refugees to keep them at strength.**

He Had to Go!

One highly skilled fuse-maker at an arsenal wanted to get off an hour early.

On a Sunday round about dawn he left without a permit, which was wrong of him. So he was locked out for three days.

"Huh, I thought holidays were stopped," he said.

They've now locked him out for good for being sarcastic. In other words, they're punishing Tommy Atkins.

Everybody Benefits

It's good news for somebody that the bank-note issue has leapt by £12,500,000 in a week to the record figure of £569,262,000, largely because of extra earnings.

But it is going to be bad news for somebody if all that money is spent, so raising prices for the poor.

Lend it to the nation and everybody benefits.

Father, Hero Too

Here you have the real reason why Sir Andrew Duncan has announced restrictions on buying of luxury goods.

In the competition between Government and private enterprise for your money he wants the Government to win.

How hard he has worked on it in a week in which they brought him news that his son had died for Britain.

Right to Conscience

It is one thing to say that a man has a right to his conscience; another to permit a conscience to be profitable.

Yet many authorities are permitting conscientious objectors who get full pay, plus yearly increments, and sometimes plus war bonuses, to qualify for the promotion that the fighting men would normally have received if they had been at home.

A cleric said recently that there was a lot of swearing in the Army. We don't wonder.

"1,000 BOMBS RAIN ON PARIS"—"Daily Herald," June 4

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(Continued from preceding page)

In this fateful hour the country needs all the munitions it can turn out.

Yet examiners, gauging to the same meticulous precision limits as were insisted on in peace time, are rejecting parts that would do the job with 100 per cent. efficiency.

Bin-loads of shell parts are scrapped because of inferior finish when finish doesn't matter.

He'll See to It

JOHN BULL raised this problem with Mr. Herbert Morrison in one of the eighteen hours he works every day.

He told us how proud British workers were of a good job. Nevertheless, he would go into the question of whether certain of our precision limits could not safely be changed in favour of bigger output.

"I don't care if a gun has knobs on as long as it isn't impaired. I don't want shells to look pretty if they are accurate," he said.

We can leave it to him.

Peak Efficiency

By the way, when the safety of our fighting men demands that a certain mechanical part should be accurate to one-thousandth of an inch, we make it accurate to one fifty-thousandth, just to make sure.

Always did.

And always will.

"Beezer" Standard

Now the standard of efficiency in British electrical engineering is the B.E.S.A. standard laid down by industry.

"Beezer"—as electricians term it—is the best your electrical authority can prescribe. It is good enough for Buckingham Palace.

Yet it is never good enough for Whitehall.

Government departments still insist on getting something better, which means getting something specially made.

Whitehall's Way

A Government office wanted some junction boxes the other day. Highly skilled workers, who might have been doing a job for our soldiers, had to make them by hand.

Men went to wire a new munition factory that was being rushed up.

"What's that stuff you are putting in?" asked a busybody.

"It's 'beezer,'" they said proudly.

He let them toil for weeks finishing the work.

Then he had it all taken out again.

They're "Devastated"

A United States illustrated magazine gives pages of pictures of German bombers flying over a devastated London with British fighters falling everywhere.

There's no attempt at deception. The feature is given as a "build-up" from photographs. But the effect is there.

If our Ministry of Information only gave neutral countries the right pictures this friendly disposed journal and thousands like it would show our airmen as they are—Conquerors.

"Yanks" are Eager

Millions of "Yanks" want their country to come in on our side. Scores of thousands have the heart to volunteer, whatever their country decides.

But what do they see?

British Embassy officials—and our Consuls throughout the United States—tell British subjects, eager to get home to enlist, "The Old Country has all the men it can deal with."

● Don't Let "Beezer" become Bogey
● Parashots may be Public Danger
● Mosley's 4s. Extra Jail Diet
● Incendiary Risks in Empty Houses

He Fooled 'em

London reader who is a dock worker lost his dock permit and registration card—got through the gates by flicking two postcards in a wallet.

Deciding to experiment for JOHN BULL he repeated the performance successfully three times at different gates.

This isn't a hint to spies.

It's a reminder to the over-trustful.

Old 'uns are Willing

Hundreds of pitmen smiled when they saw some of the men who rallied to the call for more miners.

There were stalwarts of seventy and more among them, hewers who had spent years in retirement. Some stipulated that they should work on the actual coal face.

There were men who had lost limbs in the darkness of the pit.

The generation that followed them smiled—but they were proud smiles.

Experts Know Best!

Don't join in the clamour for the bombing of German civilians by way of reprisal.

No, we haven't become soft.

Such chorusing can be a tremendous handicap to a Higher Command that mustn't think in terms of civilian vengeance but how to help our men in the field by the best use of our available machines.

This Isn't Soft!

"Bomb Berlin at once!" shouted the short-sighted after the air attack on Paris.

Knowing that he was starting his second blitzkrieg within thirty-six hours, that's just what Hitler wanted us to do.

But we struck, instead, at the bases for his projected offensive—oil depots, railways, dumps, concentrations. It spared a few German civilians, but saved thousands of our fighters.

Is that "soft"?

They'll Tell Bevin

Just a hint to an engineering firm so eager to save its non-reserved workers from the Army that it has registered order clerks as storekeepers, progress-chasers as production engineers and centre lathe operators, cost clerks as rate-fixers, and labourers as tool-makers.

Workers who have indignantly refused to be regraded—and degraded—say that if that firm doesn't become honest again within a month Ernest Bevin will be told.

Don't Trust 'em

Women M.P.s whom Mr. Herbert Morrison has appointed as our salvage chiefs should speak to housewives, who, meeting buyers of junk, know some of the tricks they are up to.

Old Clo' dealers are saying at Acton doors: "No, mum, it's only men's suits we want. We can give a good price for them because the troops will want them when they come back to 'civvy' life."

Stuff sold to such profiteers is as completely lost to this country at war as if it were put on a bonfire.

"Para-shocks"

Glad as we are that "parashots" aren't being harassed with unnecessary discipline, we've never liked to see rifles and ball ammunition put too lightly into unskilled hands.

Ninety per cent. of the volunteers are ex-Servicemen, used to rifles. But some of the others get them, without any test.

No wonder we are getting thrilling stories from "Parashots" who, skilled riflemen, count themselves lucky that their ears haven't been shot off.

You'd be Surprised!

"What the devil," shouted a JOHN BULL reader when on patrol. "You're pointing that rifle right at me. Don't you know you never point a firearm at anybody, even if it isn't loaded?"

"But it *is* loaded," came the reply. "I've got to learn to use a gun somewhere, haven't I?"

Hurry Up, Golfers!

That reminds us that committees of many golf clubs are slow in obeying the request that they should plough or trench their golf-links to make them unusable as aerodromes.

If they don't act immediately, the boot must be applied.

His Prison Diet

Mosley is augmenting his prison diet at a cost of four shillings a day.

Sailors, risking their lives transporting his food, can't afford to live as well.

His Great Crime

"In view of the circumstances in which you left the Company's service—" reads a letter from the L.M.S. Railway, turning down a Scot's request for a travelling concession.

Had he wrecked an express?

Been dismissed for theft?

He had joined the Navy without the Company's permission!

Veterans' Demand

We admire the veteran air pilots who have paid for the sandwich-board display you will see in London's Strand.

"Germans of 40 are bombing us," their bills read; "11,000 pilots of the last war demand the right to reply."

Let industry give us the machines—machines in such numbers as to dazzle "Jerry"—and they may one day have their chance.

It's an Idea!

Soldiers' wives "go to live with mother" for cheapness sake. Families are evacuated. For these and many other reasons there are streets in which less than half the houses are occupied.

A few incendiary bombs through the roofs of unoccupied houses, and what then?

As every street is to have a "wise man" in case of breakdown of the news services, why not let him keep the keys?

Something of the kind actually *is* an old Spanish custom.

All War, and—

"Experience has proved that if workers are to maintain their efficiency for more than a limited period," declares the Home Secretary, "some measure of relaxation is necessary."

For those whose war work is exhausting, the best relaxation is something that can be enjoyed in an armchair at home without further tax on the tired body.

What relaxation shall it be?

Turn to page 19 and enjoy a quiet half-hour of the entertainment that JOHN BULL provides.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR — BY THE EDITOR

Make Britain Fool-Proof

"Go to it!" people of Britain! We have suffered fools and their folly, not gladly, but too long. Now at all costs let us have done with weaklings and with wasters

Still smiling, even after the hell of Flanders, our magnificent soldiers are confident that they can beat the Germans. But they must have the very best equipment and plenty of it—more guns, more 'planes, more tanks

AT long last this country has been roused to the business necessities of "total war."

Hitherto our leaders have been so bent on "playing the game" that they have played it like amateurs.

Their "old school ties" have strangled their leadership.

Now we have a new Government with a new spirit. Now we are out to win the war "at all costs."

And from now on we must think of ourselves, and *make* ourselves, "professionals" in the grim game of war.

Week after week, month after month, JOHN BULL has been clamouring for a different and more energetic conduct of Britain's war effort.

We *knew* that the country was showing disastrous tolerance for political failures. We *knew* that it was arrant and pernicious nonsense to pretend that we had mobilised 100 per cent., or anything approaching 100 per cent., of the nation's resources.

We told you again and again that, when the Old Gang spoke of "equal sacrifice," it was using an empty—if not a hypocritical—phrase.

There are some of that Old Gang still in office. We will waste no time in reproaching them. If they realise the measure of their responsibility for the wasted months, let them resign.

Or let them, if they will and if they can, make some amends by furious work in their new and less important posts.

All we ask to-day from Mr. Churchill and his colleagues is that they make Britain fool-proof and waste-proof *at once*.

Given resolute leadership, it *can* be done.

The *people* of this country has never failed its Government; it is only the Government which has sometimes failed the people.

NEVER before have we had so curious an assortment of Ministers in a single Cabinet. Winston Churchill's Ministry can justly be called a "Ministry of All the Talents," even though it may include some talents long buried and still wrapped up in special napkins.

We don't worry about that. We are content, for the moment, to have Churchill as our leader and to see behind him a team that includes Lord Beaverbrook, Herbert Morrison, Ernest Bevin, Duff Cooper, Alexander, Attlee, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Greenwood, Eden and other men full of drive and initiative.

For these people, so varied in their outlook and so different in their upbringing, are united to-day in the single purpose of victory.

There will be no more "Party politics" until the war is won.

Things have happened during the past few days which fill us with fresh courage and stronger confidence.

It is no small thing that the farm worker has been given a minimum wage of forty-eight shillings a week, for that minimum implies the first honest attempt in generations to put the grand industry of agriculture on a reasonable economic basis.

For many, many years we have stood by and watched, with dull, indifferent gaze, the steady and ruinous drift of skilled agriculturists from the fields of England to its congested urban centres.

Now that drift is to be checked, *as it had to be checked*. The exemption age for skilled farm labourers has been lowered to eighteen.

JOHN BULL has advocated a reform of this kind ever since the war began. We *knew* that, if the country allowed too many of these highly skilled and essential workers to join the Forces or to be absorbed into other industries, they would have to be called back to the land before the war was over.

Now we are going to keep them where they are most needed. Indeed, Ernest Bevin is taking steps to recall them, like loyal soldiers, to their own "home front."

The new Minister of Labour has done more than that. He has contrived to end lock-outs and strikes for the duration of the war and he has done this without sacrificing a vestige of Trades Union principle.

For the time being—and that is all that concerns the country—masters and men have agreed to accept arbitration if any dispute should occur likely to slow down output.

In many other ways there is evidence that members of the new Government, even while they are concentrating all their energies upon the task in hand, are also planning to build up a new and better social order after victory has been won.

MEANWHILE, *our* duty and our sole duty is to help the Government in its efforts to make the country fool-proof and waste-proof.

We have been given a lead at last. JOHN BULL always realised the folly and weakness of *asking* the public to forgo luxuries and eschew imported goods.

Now the sale of these things has been restricted by law as it ought to have been months ago. We believe that the public will accept all such restrictions gladly and that, furthermore, it will willingly forgo even more than it *must* forgo.

Similarly we have *at last* been convinced that the Government intends to suppress all Fifth Column activities and to intern all aliens who *may* be suspect.

But here we are not fully satisfied. We know that certain people in high places, though they have been closely associated with suspect movements, are still at large.

And we resent the too wide toleration of a multitude of fools who are shirking their duty to the country under one pretext or another.

Let the Government remember this. Let it act upon the necessary postulate that all who are not for us are against us.

Let it force the slackers to work; the ultra-scrupulous into useful jobs they cannot properly resent; and all the uncertain minorities and races into fruitful labour—*or safe internment at rates of subsistence not too high to be an affront to the families of our fighting men.*

ABOVE all, let us for our own sakes end the folly of individual waste.

We implore the Government to give us a lead in this, too. We suggest that it should immediately put a stop to the fantastic waste of the whole catering trade.

We say that it is monstrous to allow hotels and restaurants to offer their customers elaborate peace time menus in the dire emergency of total war.

Rich people must learn to live like their poorer neighbours and like it.

We understand that the Government is already considering "the compulsory conscription of waste." Good! We ask only that this consideration be translated into swift action.

For the rest, let each one of us realise that those who have available land to cultivate and time to dig ought to get to work immediately. If they don't dig, they don't deserve to eat.

In Germany even the land adjoining the railway lines is all cultivated. Why is not ours?

To save money and to save food and materials is definite national service at the present time.

Let us remind you that the traditional "teaspoonful for the pot" is a waste that costs the country sixty shiploads of tea a year.

That the bacon rind which housewives throw away loses us 24,000 tons of fat per annum.

And that the crusts we do not eat represent the loss of a great merchant fleet month by month and the wastage of countless precious lives!

For heaven's sake let us become realists in the terrible realism of these anxious days.

Let us stop listening to "Haw-Haw" because we know that he is nothing but the dummy of that dangerous ventriloquist, Doctor Goebbels.

Let us take a private oath to spread no rumour ourselves and to confront and ashame every rumour-monger with whom we come in contact.

Let us "scrap" every "waster" and, from now on, make good use of every "scrap."

We have entered the decisive phase of the battle for our lives. We can win it only if we have the "guts" to face the facts.

The Human Machine

HITLER'S SIXTH COLUMN

DAYS of strain are a tremendous test of self-control. Such days as these find out the weak places in our mental and moral equipment. Days like these disclose the unexpected strength in us; bring to light unsuspected virtues and unsuspected failings.

Yet there is something happening against which we should all guard; something that is becoming as widespread as an epidemic. Tempers are brittle; irritability is on the increase. People are apt to "go off the deep end" at the slightest excuse.

This is serious.

It is a symptom of national neurasthenia that must be checked before it develops into something worse than a symptom. The only people who can check it are you and me—and every one of us acting individually.

Next time we feel angry with someone let us stop a second to see whether that person is really the just recipient of our anger. We shall probably find that our anger is only an overflow of the nervous tension we have allowed to accumulate, and that particular person has attracted the "lightning" by happening to be around at the time.

You'll be surprised to find how many times a day you can catch yourself doing this sort of thing.

The only remedy is not to have any surplus energy to create nervous tension that can overflow. Get busy and keep busy. Do something—and keep at it.

Energy, physical or mental, is a dangerous explosive unless it is poured into work of some kind. If not used, it is bound to blow up.

Don't help to start a "Sixth Column" by letting your nerves get the better of you!

Sabre-rattling Mussolini has boasted to the world of his Army, his Air Force, and his Navy, but

Have the Italians Changed as Fighters?

SAID Firebrand Fascist Roberto Farinacci, Grand Councilman mouthpiece of Il Duce, "It is absurd to think that Italy shall not participate in the transformation of the map of Europe, and perhaps of the world."

But he would have been hard put to it to show that his country was equipped to shape the destiny of her own ends, never mind tinkering with the rest of the western world.

There was no concrete fact to which he could point to prove that for all his goose-stepping and sabre-rattling, Mussolini had been able to infuse the Italians with the stuff of which soldiers are made.

They may have modern equipment, fighter aircraft, warships and submarines, but it would take more than one man to alter the fundamental characteristics of a nation that has been wretchedly craven for centuries.

Il Duce could buy tanks, fine uniforms and tin hats, but he could not fit his men with the courage that is more essential than anything else to a fighting man.

Blackshirt Farinacci would have been justified in saying that Mussolini had done much for a country that was tragically decadent. He has swept away the Italy of organ grinders, ice-cream sellers, disease-ridden slums, lackadaisical officials, meandering railways and impossible plumbers.

He has quarried a new Italy out of an old slag heap.

The Italian surgeon can point with pride to the grandiose hospitals; the engineer to the new viaducts, the artificial silk and wool-from-milk factories; the farmer to the vast plains of golden wheat, waving in the sun as though stirred by invisible labourers; the business man to the Diesel electric trains, smooth running, punctual and comfortable, speeding across the fertile Lombardy Plain.

Yet the average Italian proclaiming his hatred of Germany by shouting with the Roman fishwives, "Abbasso Germinia! Abbasso Hitler!" will tell you that the state of Italy is still rotten.

YEARS of lickspittle Fascist propaganda have not dulled the wits of Italian business men.

They know that the wages of the Italian workmen have not been increased a farthing despite all the gold that is claimed to have been mined in Abyssinia.

They know that the trains rolling over the Brenner Pass, bringing coal into Italy, carry only half the fuel that their factories crave. And they smile a trifle cynically when they are reassured about Albania's vast coal and iron ore resources.

They know that the bank official in Milan's railway station—now the finest in the world—gives the travellers seventy-five lire for a pound sterling, while any Italian dealer beyond the frontiers of his country gives two hundred lire for the same token. The bank official, making the exchange at the rate prescribed by the Government, acknowledges the difference between Italy's actual power and resources and the fire-eating boasting of her darkling blackshirts.

Italian troops, equipped with murderous flame-throwers, have yet to show the world that they are capable of enduring the fury of warfare as prescribed by Hitler's military assassins

Mussolini has so often emphasised: "We must have an empire because Italy is a poor country," that even the loiterer in Rome's streets wonders why his country has suddenly become sufficiently powerful to wage war against the "plutocracies, the sanctionist countries, worm-eaten by democracy and anti-Fascism."

Even though Il Duce may claim to have powers beyond the ken of normal men, he cannot alter the geography and geology of his country.

Asked to describe Italy's method of livelihood, the clever schoolboy in 1914 would have received full marks for saying "Agriculture." Now he would have to say "Industry."

Mussolini has done that.

And he has put his beloved country in a deplorable position for waging war.

Italy is still the intensely vulnerable high-heeled boot planted far out into the Mediterranean, exposed on each side to attack by aircraft and naval guns.

And she is still dependent on her sea communications for such essentials as grain, oil, copper, manganese, coal, lead and iron.

Break these essential communications and the vivid, depthless blue sky will no longer absorb the smoke from the engineering works of Milan and Genoa, the shipyards of La Spezia, Leghorn and Fiume, and the munition works now dotted across the face of the land.

Mussolini must also realise that the keys to the Mediterranean, the Dardanelles, Suez and Gibraltar are in Allied hands.

IN no way can he claim geography as his ally.

Many invaders have crossed the Alps, the finest natural barrier to aggression in the world, from west to east. It was accomplished by Hannibal, Charles VIII, Francis I, and Napoleon, but there has been no military genius capable of shepherding an army across from Italy to France.

Italian troops heading for France ascend from sea-level to 12,000 ft. within a few miles, exposed to devastating artillery fire all the way.

And even if the doubtful courage of Italian fighters took them as far as that, they would find that, having gained the crest, the slopes on the French side of the Alps are more gradual, fall even deeper, and have formidable fortifications defending every yard of the descent.

French attack on Italy is downhill from the word "Go"—straight into the Lombardy Plain, heart of Italy's new industries.

MUSSOLINI can't have much faith in his army. He was so angry with the chaos in which he found his crack regiments when he went to watch their "manœuvres" in the Alps last year that he called the whole thing off, and flew back to Rome in a towering rage that is still echoing in the Palazzo Venezia.

His thirteen hundred tanks, effective in the Spanish civil war against small arms, are no more use than a collection of sardine cans against the withering fire of French guns.

Most of these tanks are only four-tonners, have inadequate armour and little fire power. There are a few eight-ton tanks, and a score of twenty-tonners, but the whole mass of this mechanised force will soon resemble scrap metal in a real blitzkrieg.

Il Duce, making a great show of honing his sword, talks of his six million bayonets, but is cynic enough deep down to know that not two million of those bayonets would ever be effective.

He knows how the Italians cracked on the testing-ground of Caporetto in the last war.

Driven back by the Austrians, the second army was soon flying for its life, and it was only when five British divisions and thousands of French troops appeared on the horizon to which the Italians were running that they decided it was safer to turn back and be defeated by the Austrians.

It is a long time since the Italians showed any taste for fighting. Their fondness for knives, sub-machine-guns and back-alley ambushes is significant of their courage.

Of all Italian soldiers, the crack Bersagliera regiments and Alpini troops alone can be called anything but "fair-weather fighters."

Even with Fascist firebrands to goad them into action, the rest of the army is still undisciplined, dirty, afraid of tight corners, and as inclined to knife its officers as it is to bayonet its enemies.

Mussolini knows that his artillery officers and men still take time off for lunch, still keep to their dug-outs when rain falls, and still spend more time creating bawdy songs than in drilling.

Bombastic blackshirts took delight in shocking the civilised world by describing their early morning air raids on Abyssinian villages, but these Fascist pilots, the pride of Mussolini's armed forces, have yet to prove that they are made of better stuff than their weak-kneed soldier brothers.

They scoffed at the flint-lock rifles of the Ethiopians, laughed to see such fun when they chased Spanish refugees down the roads with their machine-guns.

But that is very different to facing the fire of veteran Allied fighters.

COMMANDING Italy's Air Force, General Pricolo claims to have 2,160 first-line aircraft, 62,000 pilots.

But as Italy's Air Force was at peak efficiency during the Spanish civil war, experts doubt its value now as helpmate to Messerschmitts and Junkers.

Still, Mussolini can at least claim to have the largest submarine fleet in the world. This first-class force includes twenty-six units of more than 1,000 tons, has an aggregate of 100,000 tons—but anybody who has seen Italian sailors busy with paint brushes in the engine-room of a warship would be justified in doubting the quality of these under-water craft.

Il Duce may cock a proud eye at his naval force as he pilots his private aircraft far above their gleaming steel decks, but he must admit when he puts the figures down on paper that with Ally Hitler's forces included, he could muster only eight capital ships and battle cruisers against the Allies' twenty-one; ten eight-inch cruisers against the Allies' twenty-two; eighteen six-inch cruisers against the Allies' seventy-two; ninety-nine destroyers against two hundred and seven; one aircraft carrier against the Allies' eleven.

No wonder General Mecocci, Italian military expert, said: "A fundamental condition of any war in which Italy is involved is a rapid decision."

But we have heard of other blitzkriegs going astray.

HARD-HEADED William Bullitt, American ambassador, summed up world opinion of Italy's fighting chances when he told his President Roosevelt that as there wasn't a chance of the Fascists ever getting across the Alps it wasn't worth while even to think of buying off Il Duce.

And Bullitt knows what he's talking about.

OPEN LETTERS

Lieut-General W. P. MACARTHUR,
Director-Gen., Army Medical Service

DEAR GENERAL,—Nine months ago you were given one of the hardest jobs that have ever fallen to the lot of man.

Almost in a night you had to rebuild the medical service of one of the smallest armies in the world to suit one of Continental dimensions.

You had to provide a war-hospital service to cope with thousands of wounded men arriving in the first few days of war.

For nine months your great machine remained untested. Enthusiasm and determination being things that ebb, how you must have wondered—and worried.

Then Dunkirk, and, if not the biggest, certainly the most unexpected influx of wounded soldiers in our history.

I know what happened, and in the name of the loved ones of thousands of wounded boys I thank you and all the self-sacrificing men and women under you.

I know of medical orderlies in Flanders dabbing wounds when they themselves were wounded. Of the masterly organisation that had the trains and the stretchers and the ambulances—and the right surgeons waiting at the operating tables.

Of clerks telephoning the hospitals for three days and nights for beds, beds, beds, and refusing to quit their posts. Of hospital porters paid less than farm labourers carrying precious loads twice as heavy as themselves through double shifts.

Of nurses—but, then, a nurse could not fail.

I wish they could all see the grateful letters I have received.

Here and there is a complaint. Somebody has been rude to a tortured wife. At one hospital a father who was the only male survivor of his family in the last war, and was visiting his wounded son, sees his wife brusquely denied admission.

But thank all of them.

Thank even those whose nerves were frayed by the strain. They have had time to think, and I am sure they will not be hurtful again.

JOHN BULL.

Lord BEAVERBROOK,
Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—In a few short weeks you have cleared most of the tangle caused by two years' muddling.

When you have a spare moment, I will tell you where you can find some fine engineers for aircraft production.

They're making Dodge 'Em cars for fairgrounds!—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Food Minister

MY LORD,—Thanks for turning a deaf ear to hundreds of food cranks wanting you to feed us on chemical tablets "like the Germans."

We don't want to be like the Germans, and as long as you do your best to give us real food you won't hear a murmur of protest.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN WARDLAW-MILNE, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Keep up your fight to stop alien women internees getting a bigger Government allowance and greater comfort than a soldier's wife.

Some interned aliens are known to be anti-British. Others are being watched "just in case." Whatever we do for the latter, there should be no waste of money or sentiment on the former.—JOHN BULL.

MAHATMA GANDHI,
Wardha, India

DEAR MAHATMA,—How like you to ask your followers not to embarrass us with demands at a time when we are fighting for existence against an enemy whom you detest as much as we!

In the Boer War you attended British troops with your own hands, under fire. You sent us an ambulance unit in the last war. Having met you, talked with you, I know your love of the ordinary British people.

If I had any doubts about you this time—well, I am ashamed of them.—JOHN BULL.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI,
Palazzo Venezia

DEAR DUCE,—Somebody has been looking up the 1913 files of the Milan *Avanti*.

What would you do to-day, I wonder, with the eager young journalist who wrote: "Italy is governed by an excessively Conservative Cabinet boosed by futile nationalism and desires to let arms decide upon the outcome of disputes and to bring up youth in military schools. . . . Despicable territorial conquests are being considered as Roman heroism?"

Want his name?

It was *you*!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN,
Minister of War

DEAR SIR,—As an old sweat, you'll remember how recruits were drilled in straw hats and "civvy" suits in 1914.

By calling up men quickly we knocked many months off the war, probably turned the scales. In fairness to all the men in our armies and all the men who are going to serve in them do the same to-day.—JOHN BULL.

Lord BADEN-POWELL,
Nyeri, Kenya

MY LORD,—You must be chafing with thousands of miles between you and Britain and unable to come home because of age and health.

Never mind, you live again in the 125,000 French Scouts and 50,000 French Girl Guides, working night and day for refugees, and in the hundreds of thousands of British youngsters aching for the chance to do as much.—JOHN BULL.

Bevin is the Man to Do It

HANNEN SWAFFER, in this pen portrait of the Big Boss of Man-Power, etches in the details of a fine career ruthlessly devoted to helping others

MAN proposes. . . .

Ernest Bevin and I were sharing with Herbert Morrison, George Lansbury, and Walter Citrine, a victory platform at the Albert Hall late in 1934.

Labour had won for the first time a majority of the borough councils in London, and a vast crowd cheered the future.

"I have never sought a political career," said Bevin, "but preferred the industrial side."

Well, little did Bevin dream that night that, in the hour of the nation's gravest emergency, he would be called upon to start a "political career" so that the "industrial side" could be saved.

"We have no right to allow the lives of our soldiers and sailors to be played with," declared Ernest Bevin, on May Day.

"There must be no mincing of words. "Those who, like myself, have been constantly in touch with Government departments ever since this war broke out are intensely dissatisfied with the kind of obstruction, lack of drive, absence of imagination and the complacency which exists.

"Our soldiers and sailors have all the courage in the world, but they are entitled to equipment, mechanisation and training equal to, and better than, that of the other side."

A fortnight later, dilatory Chamberlainism had been sacked—"In the name of God, go!"—and Ernest Bevin, "the dockers' K.C.," who, forty-eight years before, at the age of eleven, had started life as a farm boy at sixpence a week, had been sent for to help save the country.

He sat, the Big Boss of Man-Power, in the Ministry of Labour, armed with authority so vast and with energy so superhuman that, had Neville's lot started like that nine months ago, victory might now be almost in sight.

In the first twenty-four hours, Bevin had mopped up all the accumulation of unfinished work. All sorts of suggestions had been neglected, and nothing done about them.

Within forty-eight hours, he had produced and put before the Cabinet a completely new scheme of reorganisation. This Winston, Bevin's old enemy in the General Strike, immediately accepted.

In the meantime, he had created four Directors of Labour Supply.

In little more than a day, under Bevin's direction, these men were doing wonders.

Then, acting with Herbert Morrison, the new Minister of Supply, they immediately demanded a census of industry—machinery and men.

SOON they were putting right such chaos that is almost unbelievable.

In some factories, for instance, Big Business had allowed to be used for only a few hours a week machines that, in other factories, were doing 150 hours a week!

Then Bevin, who had spent all his life in trying to get shorter hours for the workers, ordered the workers to slave for twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for six months!

Realising that new health ideas would have to be introduced into the factories, or the men and women would break down, he put into operation health schemes which he had been demanding for years.

Mind you, the trade unions willingly did all that Bevin asked.

It was in Bristol that Bevin, who, as a carter driving a milk float, joined the Dockers' Union and so started his amazing career.

Ben Tillett persuaded him to become a trade union organiser. In 1922 he became the first general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

BEVIN has for years had a great influence over Labour policy.

He knows what he wants, and he has always said so.

And when many prominent politicians were playing about with Fascism and Naxidom, Bevin, like most of the trade union leaders, saw the truth and proclaimed it!

"Fascism, if persisted in, will lead to war and disaster," he said, in January, 1934, "for it does not offer any solution to the economic problems of the people."

So it was that, in 1935, he more than anybody drove George Lansbury out of the leadership of the Labour Party. Labour was demanding the use of sanctions against Italy. Lansbury was a Pacifist.

Bevin's words, used about Lansbury, sounded terribly cruel and bitter at the time.

"George Lansbury has been dressed up in the robe of a martyr for years, waiting for someone to set fire to the faggots," he said. "I have done it."

Then, a year ago, he saw how the supply of arms was being neglected. "In thirty years' dealing with Government departments," he said, in May of last year, "I have never come across a more incompetent bunch than those we now have building up our defences."

You may like him, or you may not. But Bevin doesn't care a damn,

Soon after war came, Bevin accused the bankers of having scooped £13,000,000 out of the country in the first few days of the war!

In a few weeks, Chamberlain was talking about a "vicious spiral" of wages and prices, wanting to keep the workers in their place.

"The policy of the Government," said Bevin, "is to talk about sacrifices by the people who have nothing to sacrifice."

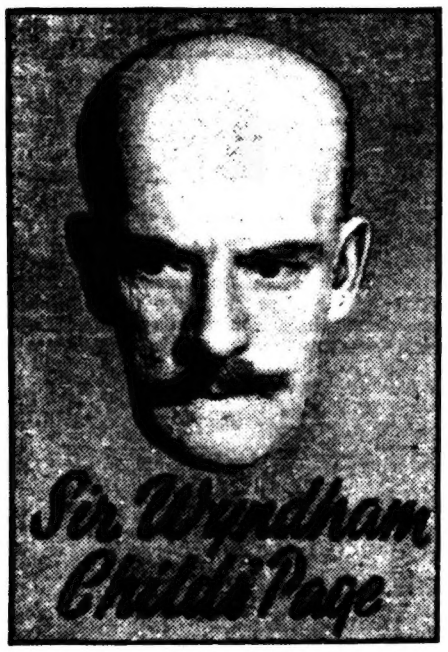
Bevin is an extraordinary man. You may like him, or you may not. He doesn't care a damn, anyway.

With a ruthless unconcern, he gets on with the job, whatever it is. I have seen him dragooning—but I have also seen him inspiring, talking in stirring words of the world that is to be.

After all, his job will not be done by visionaries, you know. It is a matter of practical business.

And when the war is won—as it will be—it will have been won because a few practical men of the Bevin type went in to save Britain from the muddlers and the muckers.

Women Dupes of Wanted Gangsters



THIS is the story of Hilda Sharry, twenty-nine years old, who is known among her criminal associates as "The Beautiful Blonde."

And it is told fully, not because Hilda Sharry has been caught acting as a decoy for a gang of dangerous forgers, but because it is time that something was done to stop the activities of the unscrupulous rogues responsible for her appearance at the Old Bailey only a few days ago.

This woman has a unique distinction. She is registered officially as an unfortunate person who is more to be excused than blamed for her criminal record.

She is still suffering under a stigma, because she was sentenced to a severe term of imprisonment when she was only sixteen for a comparatively trivial offence

"Were there no probation officers in that town?" said a judge when he heard the facts of Hilda's first "crime."

Equally merciful was the judge before whom she appeared only recently, accused of cashing postal orders that had been stolen during a Post Office robbery. Hearing that she was a mere tool in the hands of powerful criminals, he decided after three days' consideration that she should be bound over for three years.

* * *

While she is serving this term of probation, the police hope to incarcerate the dangerous crooks, many with long records of crime in their assumed names, who, having engineered successful robberies, have been employing such girls as Hilda Sharry to turn the stolen property into real money.

Nine of these men were concerned in the theft of £1,400 from a sub-post office in North London.

Chief among the dozen men for whom the police are searching is "Tug" Turner, who cannot hide his accomplishments as a thief behind his pose as an advertisement agent.

Then there is "The Gat," whose long police record is filed under the name of Seymour.

Another member of this sinister association is Alfred Sharry, a well-known night club habitué, whom the woman decoy married some time ago. Sharry went to prison for preying on her.

Another member of this crooked circle has been imprisoned several times for such offences as forgery.

A few weeks ago a policeman was injured when he tried to stop a car in which three members of the gang were travelling. Recognising one of the three as being "wanted," he jumped on to the running board of the car, but he was beaten off. The men escaped.

Yet another member of this gang, dealing in forged petrol coupons, has been known to bring hundreds of them out of his pockets.

And he is equally as well supplied with pound notes!

These men are now heading for a great round-up.

For there is real determination in official quarters to stop not only their criminal activities but also their detestable methods of making girls, enlisted from Soho's night clubs, do their dirty work.

A Clerical Cad

ANY man who is unscrupulous enough to pose as a clergyman so that he can exploit the credulity of women is a menace as long as he is at liberty.

That is why Walter Birkett Miller is a public enemy. Posing as a clergyman, a spiritualistic preacher, a medium and a missionary, he recently conducted a "mission" from an address in Manchester.

Telling women that through his magnetic mediumship he can attract the spirits of their "dear departed," he has left broken hearts, depleted bank accounts, and stricken "converts."

He is as eager to play the rôle of an ardent Lothario as he is to pose as a reverend clergyman. He doesn't mind what methods he uses as long as he can persuade women with spiritualistic beliefs to part with their money.

One girl to whom he proposed marriage has had to ask the magistrates to order her 'clergyman" lover to make a weekly payment towards the maintenance of her child. She thought he was a clergyman, even when he wrote to her saying: "I am head over heels in love with you. . I love you a lot. . . . Won't you be mine and mine for ever?"

And there are other women who have reason to regret that they ever had any truck with the spiritualist "missions" of this bogus pastor. Yet he is a married man living apart from his wife.

He is so audacious that he persuaded a woman to help him raise money to pay maintenance order arrears. He explained that it would be terrible for a minister of religion to be arrested for failing to keep a wife who had treated him so shabbily he had to leave her. He must be boycotted!

Addresses to Watch

IAN MALCOLM STEWART, of Southbank, Haslemere, Surrey, offers plans for remunerative leisure-hour tasks, and demands a £1 deposit before he delivers instructions. When you get them, you realise they would be expensive even if you had only to pay postage.

I have already revealed that, operating from the same address, is a man with a long criminal record. He is Eustace Hamilton Hargreaves, and he still needs watching, for he only recently started an envelope addressing scheme there!

* * *

Then there is Evenette, of Queen's Park, Bournemouth, who advertises for woollen goods knitted at home.

She says there are two hundred ex-soldiers working for her, and asks you to join them after you have paid a deposit for the wool.

Of course, after you have paid more than is necessary she finds the knitted goods are "faulty."

* * *

The "Crossword Syndicate," of Market Street, Manchester, still offers "Fortunes Won Every Week." It is the business of Mister R. Sunter, whose "Paramount Pool Sharing Club Scheme" I exposed some time ago.

Caught at Last!

MY revelations about rogues who were persuading small farmers to send them produce after offering fancy prices, and then forgetting to pay their dupes after selling the stuff, have had a gratifying result.

"F. Holmes," of Trees Street, Crumpsall, Manchester, a much-convicted rogue, whose real name is Horovych—frequently he uses the alias of Batey—has been sentenced at Manchester Assizes to eighteen months' imprisonment for robbing farmers in this way.

In these days of great national effort I am delighted that my revelations should have helped to secure his arrest.

We can't have crooks interfering with our agricultural output.

Robber from Russia

FOR nine years I have been watching Louis Bendel, a Russian, whose well-trimmed curly hair, thick-rimmed spectacles and impressive bearing give him an air of authority that is not justified by his habit of being concerned in shady deals.

Since he first came to my notice through an impudent radio scheme he has been to prison. He has also passed through the bankruptcy court.

Yet complaints have recently been made about his activities in Windsor, and enquiries reveal that he has been busy circularising possible clients from Cleveland Street, in South-West London, suggesting that he can secure "genuine Baghdad" carpets at astonishingly low prices.

This is only one of his side-lines, but it has kept him in comfort for many years.

He has done the same thing with valuable jewellery, and made restitution only when police enquiries became too troublesome. His scheme for "setting up in opposition to the B.B.C." was typical of his audacity in preying on the public's credulity.

As chairman of the Oral Broadcasting Association, he told would-be investors that there was a radio broadcasting station in Essex being prepared to broadcast his programmes.

Yet the country cottage from which he sent out his impressive circulars did not even accommodate a radio set.

Whether he is offering you fine Eastern carpets or valuable gems, tempting floor coverings or brand-new radio stations, you can be sure that there is a snag somewhere, and he won't suffer in any deal into which you are inveigled.

A Guinea for the Public Benefactor

Mr. Arthur Jopson, John Street, Bury, Lancs, has been awarded this week's guinea for supplying details about a scheme with which I hope to deal in these columns shortly.

I am always eager to investigate cases of injustice and fraud and readers should, as I so often urge, write to me fully about anything that seems to call for enquiry

Quack on Tour

IT is not easy to find words that can adequately express my opinion of a man who persuaded an eighty-nine-year-old woman to pay more than £70 for a small box containing only loops of wire by pretending that it would help her overcome deafness.

Until quite recently Lynton Harvey, Esquire, has been occupying "consulting" rooms at an hotel in Launceston, Cornwall, but he didn't stay there for long, even though he described himself as "the brilliant London specialist on a short visit to Cornwall."

But then he never stays anywhere for long.

People soon begin to realise he cannot justify his claims to cure rheumatism, arthritis, catarrh, deafness; that his tonic tablets, sold at half-a-guinea a bottle, are worth nothing like that price.

So he moves on to another provincial hotel, ballyhooing his arrival in advertisements that show him to be more deft with words than he is with genuine medicines.

His specialist quarters in London do not exist, and his qualifications have not been acknowledged by any school of medicine in Great Britain.

Lynton Harvey's real name is "Lyn Doble."

Special Message

To "A Dutiful Citizen."—Your letter received and passed to the proper quarter. In these times people often feel concerned about signing their names on letters giving important facts. I daily receive information on matters which are made immediately available to the proper authorities under conditions of complete secrecy. So do not hesitate to write to me—even though it be anonymously.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

IMAGINE the feelings of a man, an ex-soldier, with a wife and four children, having to keep his furniture and family possessions in a back yard, because he cannot afford to pay rent. This is the plight of John Maloney, of Cork, who, after many years of unemployment, has only sixteen shillings a week on which to keep his family.

When his landlord died recently, Maloney was turned out of home because he could not pay arrears of rent. His possessions had to be left in the backyard, where their covering of sacking has not been sufficient to defy the ravages of the weather. Meantime, years of trouble have so impaired Mrs. Maloney's health that she is too ill to assist in helping to maintain the family.

"Maloney is willing to do anything," says the family doctor.

Give him a chance. Help him make a home again. Donations should be earmarked "Evicted" and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge various anonymous donations.

"WE'LL GET THEM!" IS CRY OF RELENTLESS POILUS

"John Bull's" war correspondent gives you some human cameos of the French soldiers who are meeting the fury of Hitler's offensive on the Somme and shows why they are determined to fight to the end

TEARS were streaming down the rugged contours of Lieutenant Argaud's weathered face, leaving smudges where they washed away the grime and grease that smothered his sun-scorched skin. His eyes were rimmed with white in a face the colour of mahogany. And he was crying because the little girl who had been sitting on his knee had just said, "Will you be my daddy now?"

She had lost mother and father when a bomb burst on the side of the road on which the refugee family was pathetically trudging in search of safety. Bewildered by the loss, she had been taken to the nearest village by family friends, left there to be collected by anybody who had a heart to comfort her.

And Lieutenant Argaud, returning from battle in search of the wife and five children whom he had last seen in his small country house only a few miles away, had lavished on the orphan all the delight that he had been storing up for his missing family.

Would he be her daddy now?

He didn't apologise for his tears when he saw me looking down at him. He smiled rather grimly, tilted up his bearded chin, and said, "You see, monsieur, why we must win. The heart of France can no longer be broken like this."

And he hugged the child as though she really were one of his own.

An hour later the Lieutenant ordered his men to take to their tanks again. And off they went, eager to root out any straying Nazi unit, determined to kill, to revenge their own children, orphaned by machine-gun and bomb.

The little girl, crying at the loss of her new father, had been sent on to the base in a staff car.

If he lived, she would have a daddy all right. If he lived. . . . He had already been through hell.

When I met him first, the Lieutenant had been without sleep for three days. His clothes were torn, his eyelids heavy with fatigue, but he made no complaint. He knew that as a member of the fine French Tank Regiment, he must go on relentlessly, living on his nervous energy.

The tanks have no time to rest; when they cease searching for the enemy they must put guns and engines in order. They can never relax while there's an enemy tank within their lines.

HE told me how his unit of small tanks had occupied a cross-roads south of the Somme, where it was believed Nazi tanks had penetrated.

"We waited at the cross-roads until it grew dark, seeing nothing but refugees," said the Lieutenant, quietly. "Suddenly some big tanks approached. At first we thought they were French, and as they were making straight for us, I was about to leave my tank to show them the route. Then I saw a black and white cross, and knew they were Nazis."

The Lieutenant sent a sergeant to warn the other French tanks, and he was about to enter his tank again when the gunner fired. The muzzle of the gun was not more than 10 in. from the Lieutenant's face.

"It nearly knocked me out," he said, "and for 20 seconds I was unable to see anything."

When he recovered his senses, more Nazi tanks were arriving and had fired at a pursuing group of French armoured cars, setting them ablaze.

"That showed me where the Nazis were," went on the Lieutenant. "First of all I sent a shell from my 37-mm. gun into a group of German armed motor-cyclists. The motor-cycles went up in flames.

"Sixty yards away was a Nazi munitions lorry and trailer. I fired at that, and there was a tremendous explosion. Two Nazi armoured cars came up on my left.

"One shell from the 37-mm. gun pierced both of them, and they began to burn. A big German tank crept up and got a direct hit on one of our small tanks. Two of our tanks brought their guns to bear on him, and put him out of action."

You can imagine the scene.

The cross-roads lit by the glare of flaming vehicles, the gallant little French light tanks (they call them Chenilettes) hopelessly outnumbered by the lumbering Nazi monsters, but determined to continue the fight.

They did not have long to wait.

A violent shock heralded the approach of more German armoured units with anti-tank guns.

The bullets pierced the Lieutenant's tank and put the engine out of action.

"My tank was immobilised, but I could still fight," he said. "When another big German tank rolled up I played 'possum and pretended to be derelict. But when the tank passed I swung round the turret and turned my gun on him.

"I then saw that he was followed by a petrol wagon. I waited till both were twenty yards away, then fired. The tank wagon went up in flames, smothering the big tank with burning fuel.

"Into this inferno ran a group of German motor-cyclists and a high-explosive shell from my gun, dumped into the middle of them, sprayed them into the most magnificent bouquet I am ever likely to see.

"It was a good thing I had only overhauled my gun a few hours before the fight."

Hell was let loose around these gallant French tank corps men before they got away. The Germans brought up artillery and pounded their now immobilised tanks.

YET they stayed put and held up the Nazis at those Somme cross-roads for several valuable hours, and at dawn French heavy tanks came on the scene and gave the Nazi marauders the *coup de grace*.

It was just an incident in the Somme fighting.

Just before I met the tank men a wounded French soldier was being borne to the field dressing-station on a stretcher.

He was smoking his pipe calmly, in spite of a bad wound in the leg.

"Don't trouble about me, you ought to see what is happening to the Boches," he said, when I asked him how he felt. "We're piling them up ten high."

He told me that one of the German prisoners captured by his unit had said that Hitler ought to be hanged.

Visiting an advanced striking base behind the Aisne, I talked to a young brown-haired pilot who was watching mechanics load his bomber with "tin fish."

The air was fragrant—so far in this war I have not seen the shell-torn battlefields. It is remarkable how quickly one is again in peaceful countryside when the front line is left behind.

"You're back quickly," I said, knowing that the pilot had taken off with his squadron a bare half an hour ago.

"I was in luck," he said. "We dropped our load on the way when we spotted a German column. We came down to 600 feet and let them have it. That gave us more time. We will be able to do three trips instead of two."

"What about the column?" I asked.

He jerked his two thumbs upwards—a sign the French have learned from the Tommies.

"One hundred per cent.," he smiled. "We made the h—— of a hole in the Boche column."

There was no time for more talk.

He clambered into his machine, the aerodrome lights lit for a brief second to show him the runway, three rockets—yellow, blue, and red—gave the signal to be off, and with a deafening roar the bomber swept on to its new mission.

In the sandbagged pilots' quarters, furnished with telephone, desk and a long table, there was a blackboard, on which, written in schoolboy's handwriting in yellow chalk, was:

"Certain thirty-four, probable seventeen."

I asked the group captain whether it was the squadron's scoreboard.

"Yes, but it's not up to date," replied the captain. "That is the total for the last three days, but we have had four or five more to-day."

FRENCH airmen have had their losses.

Nazi troops, abundantly supplied with A.A. guns, give them a hot time.

One pilot told me he had fifty guns firing at him from one mechanised Nazi column alone. But French pilots are keen as mustard, and three to one is quite an average score for French and Nazi aircraft

At this aerodrome I was told of a feat that must be unique.

A pilot officer of a bomber was hit in the forehead by a fragment of an A.A. shell. The blood poured down his forehead, blinded him

The rear-gunner had already been killed in combat, and only the radio operator, who was also wounded, remained.

That radio-man deserves a medal for presence of mind.

Unable to pilot the huge bomber himself, he stood by the blinded pilot for two hours on the flight back from Germany, and his shouted observations on their course enabled the pilot to bring the machine not only direct to the aerodrome, but also to make a perfect three-point landing.

You can imagine those two heroes . . . the pilot, gritting his teeth to retain consciousness as he remained at the controls . . . the gallant wounded radio operator's ordeal.

French fighter pilots have every confidence in their Curtiss machines. But not every beginner has the luck of a young La Rochelle pilot. Within a few hours of arriving at the Front he bagged twenty-one Nazi machines.

The circumstances were unusual.

With his squadron, he was attacking a formation of bombers, when down dived some Messerschmitts.

For a few minutes there was nothing to be seen but swirling aircraft as each machine manœuvred to get the best position for shooting down an adversary.

The young La Rochelle pilot got his Messerschmitt with a burst on the tail. The Nazi machine limped away, but instead of finishing him off, the Frenchman kept behind him.

The Messerschmitt landed at a concealed aerodrome in the forest, and the Nazi A.A. gunners, seeing one of their craft returning, did not man their guns.

It gave the Frenchman his opportunity. He swept down on the aerodrome, dropped a number of light bombs and fired all his incendiary ammunition.

Twenty Nazi aircraft were lined up near the runways, and other French pilots, who afterwards again raided the forest aerodrome, say that every machine was still blazing when they arrived.

Such daring as this makes the Frenchman one of the world's finest fighters. Stubborn, resourceful, he is a match for Hitler in the air or on the ground.

IT is really cheering to see these magnificent French soldiers making their way to the front, following Generalissimo Weygand's regrouping of their divisions.

They are not very spick and span, these sunburned little poilus.

They frequently have buttons missing from their tunics, and their accoutrements are shabby, well-worn, but efficient.

It was their habit of encouraging stubby, untidy, sandy beards that led to their being nicknamed "poilu." For it means "hairy one."

When you suggest that they don't look as spick and span as they might, they'll tell you that France leaves the goose-stepping brilliance of parade ground magnificence to the Germans. They are fighters, not mannequins.

And they march along singing, striding ahead with that quick, vivaciousness so typical of their country.

They're obviously a match for any Nazi column, even though it carries an armoured shield of tanks.

They laugh and sing, tease the Tommies they meet on the way, and hurl jokes at passing aircraft, but you can see their determination to put an end to German aggression in the silence with which they pass a burned-out homestead, a bomb crater in the road, or a foot-sore group of trudging refugees.

"On les Aura—we'll get them," says Jacques quietly—and he means it.

Sprightly veteran, Generalissimo Maxime Weygand, Belgian-born leader of the Allied Forces, has many scores to settle with Hitler . . . and so have his courageous undaunted soldiers

"Nothing is Quite as Bad as it Seems"

NOTHING is quite as bad as it appears, most of our hardships have been turned to cheers, most of our setbacks have wrought winning spurs, hold this thought fast when a dark hour occurs.

NOTHING is quite as grim as it's arrayed, moments of graveness leave us undismayed, stern things but arm us for a greater strength, shadows of things distort their shape and length.

NOTHING is quite so sad as our hearts feel, for in deep tragedy God does conceal that which we come to know as blessings rare. NOTHING CAN HAPPEN THAT WE CANNOT BEAR.

NOTHING seems quite so cruel as Hope held out, when deep within our hearts we have no doubt that we have lost all we had we'd ever hoped to hold. Oh, heart, have patience till the Tale is Told.

J. M.

Argue It Out — By Pallas

THE WELLS OF ENDURANCE

SOME time ago at a public function I squirmed under the vulgar lash of a "patriot's" tongue.

His loud, arrogant voice boomed platitudes about the Flag, "this sacred and blood-stained banner of liberty" . . . "its protecting folds in the far corners of the earth."

The speaker urged us to sacrifice, to revolution, to effort, "that the glorious Flag might remain a symbol of Freedom and Justice."

"There is a man of coarse mind," I said to myself, "a man whose prideful soul is insensitive to the feelings of others."

There are some things in life that are too deep for words. Kipling, Prince of Imperialism, knew it when, in "Stalky and Co.," he wrote the episode of the Flag.

To-day there is neither time nor room for the loud-mouthed patriot. There cannot be in the length and breadth of the Empire a man insensible to the Empire's need.

The British want no reminders of the duty they owe to the State, of the heavy burdens they must bear.

The cause for which they are fighting is too sacred and too vital to be besmirched by noisy vulgarians.

The wells of patriotism are flooded with the waters of endeavour and of sacrifice. Into them will pour more and more of the spiritual soul of the country.

Nurse Cavell, facing a German firing squad in a Brussels prison, said: "Patriotism is not enough." How true to-day those words are!

* * *

This struggle has developed far beyond races or nationalities.

It is an elemental war of good and evil, of tyranny and freedom, of justice and oppression.

It strikes at the roots of decent living; it imperils not only the twin Empires of Britain and France, but also threatens to extinguish for hundreds of years the light of liberty.

These things we know.

These things we have to face. We don't want flamboyant rhetoric or mouthy platitude to remind us of the heavy going ahead.

Some speakers we must have.

Some people must speak for Britain. But those men must speak, as Churchill does, to lead and to inspire, to tell us the bad news as well as the good.

The loud-mouthed people who love the sound of their own voices are different. Their stuff never will "go across" with the British race.

High-flown spouting is a nonsensical waste of breath.

Now more than ever it must be deeds not words Every bit of breath should be transformed in terms of energy, into planes and tanks, guns and shells.

Instead of "patriotic" speeches, instead of stupid talk, of gossip, of rumour, and of speculation, we must swell the growing sound of the industrial machine, swell it until the chorus is intense and vibrant, night and day.

* * *

From the workshop and the factory, from the shipyard and the steel plant and not from the platform of meaningless talk, will come the final and crowning note of that chorus—the note of victory.

Britons do not talk about the things they hold dear.

We are said to be an unemotional race. So we are in times of prosperity and peace.

But below the apparently dull and uninspired surface there is a fount of endurance.

That fount has been tapped by the knowledge that the real fight is on; that we have lost the first round or two, and that more rounds of trial and hardship lie ahead.

Talk will not steel a nation's soul. Suffering will. So will the evil acts of those whom we fight. So will the adversity we have already had to face.

Beware in these days the braggart and the loud-mouthed patriot.

Shun them like the Seven Plagues.

Ignore them.

They are an insult to the intelligence and a blight on the mind.

Such men and women should cut out and read every day the following words from Plutarch:—

"If any man think it a small matter or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires and better than to speak, though never so well."

In Herbert Morrison's words, we must "Go to it," not "Talk of it."

How Ameri

A. G. GARDINER says tha... in the war already, and whe... with all its might and with the... that owns 40 per cent. o...

IN war, the sea is master of the land. That has been proved throughout the ages. It will be so now.

When Hitler's stupendous gamble has passed into history, I am satisfied that the judgment of the world will be that it broke on the indestructible rock of the British Navy.

I base this conviction on two considerations. First, the lightning war cannot succeed until the Allied command of the sea is destroyed.

Second, that command cannot be destroyed by anything that is done on land within the time limit of a lightning war.

IT FOLLOWS THAT HITLER'S AIM OF A LIGHTNING DECISION MUST FAIL. NO MATTER WHAT HIS SUCCESSES ON THE CONTINENT, THE SEAS WILL REMAIN CLOSED TO HIM.

His gamble will be lost, and he will have to face a war of duration and exhaustion.

He will be surrounded by a conquered Europe, but it will be a wrecked Europe, a hostile Europe, a physically and morally exhausted Europe, a starving Europe writhing under the heel of the infamous Gestapo.

Every nation around him will be waiting for the first hint of weakness, of failure, to rise and smite the barbarous tyranny that has made a shambles of its territory.

If his terror is lifted for a moment he is doomed. He must be invincible, irresistible, all the time, everywhere, or he falls, and every hand will be against him.

Even his own country would disintegrate under the shock of the discovery that he was not the resistless god that their idolatry has conceived him to be.

That is why he has staked all on the lightning blow.

And the British Navy, backed by the French Navy, stands athwart that throw.

He cannot get his decision this summer, and without a decision this summer he cannot get the decision at all.

For while he has flung all the accumulated resources of seven years of labour into his gamble, we have only touched the fringe of our resources.

It is shocking that it should be so. It is shocking that with all the warning we had of the gigantic conspiracy afoot we allowed this calamity, which we could have averted with one bold stroke of vision and statesmanship four or five years ago, to come upon us.

But let that pass. We are awake now.

We may not accomplish our purpose this summer. Perhaps not next. But that we shall accomplish it is as certain as to-morrow's sunrise.

We shall not be intimidated by the outlook at the moment, however dark. We shall look beyond the moment to the large factors which are silently and certainly shaping the verdict.

We start with the unchallenged command of the sea, with all that that command implies in access to the resources of the overseas world, from which our command of the sea excludes the enemy.

WE turn to the inspiring spectacle of our mighty industrial system, fused with the passion that only the love and practice of liberty can give, working as one man to save the world from slavery.

Nothing in Mr. Churchill's leadership has revealed his genius more than the illustrious place he has given to labour in this great emergency.

"You are free men," he says; "it is you who must save the freedom of the world."

It is a magnificent stroke of statesmanship, and it *will* save the freedom of the world.

And among those great impalpable factors which are silently shaping the verdict there is none more potent than the moral awakening of the world to the vast issues at stake.

Every horror that the Germans commit intensifies that moral awakening—drives another nail into Hitler's coffin.

In the end the consensus of world opinion, even though it may not express itself in military action, will have a powerful effect on the issue of the war.

New Lord Haw-Haw on Fake Bri...

"WE have heard that many of our regular listeners desire to co-operate in our work for peace, but we must keep our whereabouts secret. We have to do all we can to avoid the attention of Scotland Yard."

*

Beware of such words. No more subtle, soothing poison has ever before been poured over the ether. And it comes from the bogus New British Broadcasting Station

The "friends" it mentions are the Quislings in Britain, and their "obvious difficulties" have nothing to do with the hypocritical desire of the N.B.B.S. to keep its "whereabouts" secret from Scotland Yard.

Its "whereabouts" are in *Germany*.

Goebbels' Claws

Its Voice is the voice of a pseudo-Englishman; its hand is the hand of Goebbels. It broadcasts twice nightly on the short-wave from Berlin and from Dusseldorf.

It reminds Quislings in Britain that "it is not illegal to listen."

No mention that listening is *verboten* in the land from which these broadcasts come!

Safe within the Reich, this Nazi mouth-organ plays on the mock-heroic note:

"We shall remain steadfast to our cause, and we have made arrangements to continue these broadcasts even if our present station is detected and closed down, and, if the subsequent station is raided, then another will take its place."

Mantle of Piety

"We appeal to all our friends who live in England to put aside personal enmities and work for peace and social justice," it adds, assuming the mantle of piety.

"If men can unite in a bad cause, good men can surely unite to save our beloved country."

Peace and justice, indeed, by request of the Ravager of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Northern France!

By permission of the Ministry of Information JOHN BULL has seen a few choice samples of the po... nated by this sham Ne... casting Station and ... monitoring service of th...

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Playing the Natio... another.

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Wireless Wolf

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The Wireless Wolf ... ing has a strong line in...

rica Can Help

spiritually the United States is it actually comes in it will come authority that belongs to a nation the world's industrial power

No cause that outrages the moral judgment of the world can live in the face of that judgment.

Witness the overwhelming effect of the infamies in Holland on the situation in South Africa.

They have swept all opposition from the path of General Smuts, and South Africa is to-day almost as passionately anti-Nazi as the rest of the Dominions, whose devotion to the cause of the Allies is one of the most splendid assurances of our ultimate victory.

I have left to the last the greatest potentiality of all.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE GREATEST DEMOCRACY IN THE WORLD, THE UNITED STATES, TOWARDS THE WAR HAS SHOCKED THE BEST MINDS IN AMERICA AS MUCH AS IT HAS SHOCKED US.

"I am ashamed," said Senator Pepper, a few days ago, "that posterity should read the history of these days and find us indifferent to civilisation's collapse and civilisation's values."

The reasons for that indifference are many—the cunning of Nazi propaganda, the cry of "isolation," hatred of Roosevelt, the Presidential election; but chiefly the idea that the Maginot Line and the British Fleet would be an impregnable bulwark for the United States against the menace of Nazism.

BUT events have shattered these comfortable illusions, and the real mind of America is rapidly taking the helm.

It realises, as Lord Lothian told the Americans a few days ago, that if anything went wrong with the British Fleet Hitler would be hammering on their doorstep, not five years hence or ten years hence, but this autumn.

It is alarmed at the Nazi plottings, not only in the United States but still more in the South American republics.

It discovers, what we have always known, that the validity of the Monroe Doctrine has rested on the British Fleet, and that the security of all the democracies of the Americas from Patagonia to Alaska is being fought for in France and in the Straits of Dover.

It is prodigiously alarmed, and has set about arming on a colossal scale.

How soon it will enter the war I do not guess, but spiritually the country is in it already, and when it comes in it will come with all its might and with the authority that belongs to the nation that owns 40 per cent. of the industrial power of the world.

Meantime, the embargoes are breaking down, and voices from every side are urging the Washington Government to fling all the material she has ready—planes, guns, rifles—into the battlefield at once to help stave off the lightning blow.

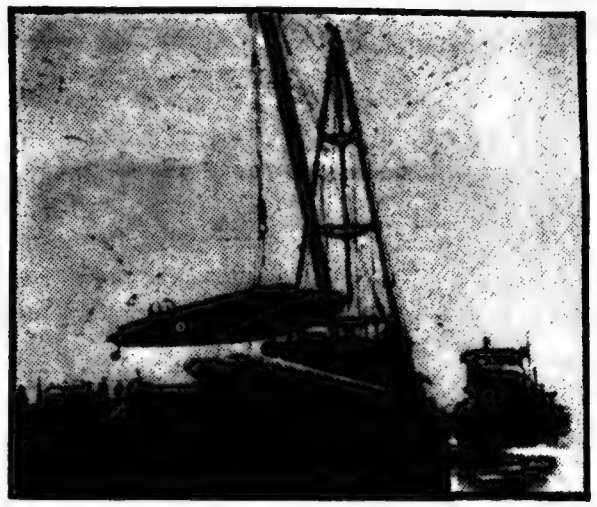
IT may be too late for her to affect the immediate situation.

But she is the trump card in the long game, and with that potentiality behind the British and French fleets Hitler's ultimate fate is inexorably ordained.

In a book on "the Anglo-American Future," which I wrote after the last war, I suggested that if the British and American fleets could be dedicated to the common task of policing the world against war in the interests of the League of Nations they would "strike a death-blow at competitive armaments generally, stabilise the world on a peace basis and turn its face confidently to the light."

The suggestion came to nothing then, for the U.S.A. disowned the League and reverted to isolation.

Perhaps after the experience of this war is over, a happier result will follow, and the combined fleets of the victorious democracies, Britain, America and France, may be the security of the world against any future plunge into the barbarism of war.



First of a delivery of 250 such aircraft ordered by the Allied Purchasing Commission, this twin-engined Lockheed "14" begins its journey from America's Floyd Bennett airfield to London

British Radio Station

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"The secret weapon is looking up again," said the Voice. "There have been magnetic mines and parachute troops. Now the German wireless makes mysterious disclosures about an electric magnetic wave which will paralyse the will-power and a gas which has the effect of paralysing the nerves so that opponents are unable to use their guns.

"It will be dangerous to employ our Fleet in preventing the Nazis from disembarking on our shores, as we have thousands of Nazi bombers perched on our doorstep, within easy flight of London."

We've Forewarned

These are broadcasts by this spurious New British Broadcasting Station, and JOHN BULL prints them, believing that a public forewarned is a public forearmed.

Now that the Nazis have brought "peace, prosperity and justice" to Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium by seizing more radio stations, the N.B.B.S. is not likely to be the only false Voice of Britain on the air.

So be on your guard!

BLITZKRIEG TRAP

Allied Generalissimo, shrewd little General Maxime Weygand, introducing his method of deflecting blows delivered at the Allied lines by Nazi mechanised columns, has found a powerful tank trap

WHAT is this "defence in depth" which is stated to be the outstanding feature of the Weygand Line?

A few days ago, immediately after the Germans had re-assembled after their sweep through Flanders and Northern France, Hitler hurled the full weight of the German Army against this line He used quite as much initial striking force as that which broke the defences near Sedan in a matter of a few hours. But it did not break this line

To get the full significance and meaning of Weygand's defence plan it is necessary to go back some years to the Great War and 1915.

Towards the end of that year both sides were settling down to static trench warfare, each side holding strong front lines. But the Germans were more worried about that than we were.

In particular, some young staff officers at German Headquarters foresaw that the system advocated by General Falkenhayn and other commanders of packing an immensely strong front line with huge garrisons would sooner or later get them into trouble

Their argument was that the rapidly growing material resources of the Allies would in the end be able to pulverise any "fortified" line, and if the heavy garrison in this relatively thin line was smashed then it would be a break-through for good.

They pleaded with their chiefs for a thinly held but strong front-line, backed by strong point positions backed again by second and third lines and even fourth lines far behind, in which the main forces would be held for defence and counter-attack.

Their suggestions were ignored.

Towards the middle of 1915 there arrived at the Operations Section of German G.H.Q. a certain Colonel Lossberg, who was to take over the branch in which these young officers worked. He thought little more of their ideas than their elders. But he was a bold and imaginative soldier. He could listen and was open-minded.

And one day there came to this Operations Section a document captured in a raid on some French trenches. It was a memorandum signed by General d'Esperey, a French Army commander, giving a plan for defence by front-line battalions in threatened areas.

With typical French lucidity this plan set out a "defence in depth" system for a battalion which expressed exactly the idea for which the Germans had been clumsily searching

Briefly, d'Esperey's plan involved a first line of strongly built sentry groups, a second line, well behind, of strong points which should be able to resist even if outflanked and submerged until the relief forces came from strong reserves in deep dug-outs still further behind.

The idea, contrary to all military teaching of the time, was that the enemy should be almost "invited" into the defence position.

Paying heavily—but not too much—at the front line, he would filter past the strong points; beyond there he would be trapped between a withering cross-fire on his flanks from the communication trenches which joined these lines on either side. And then he would also have to face a devastating frontal counter attack from the strong reserves behind.

With this plan in his head, Lossberg smashed the great French offensive in the Champagne country in September, 1915, when the German line, weakened by Verdun losses, should have been broken.

It was the foundation of Ludendorff's defence system at the Somme and Passchendaele. It was the basis of the Hindenburg Line.

Now, years later, Weygand has utilised this German system, stolen originally from the French, against Hitler's armoured hordes.

It is all there—the thinly held but strong front line, taking in natural defences like rivers and canals; the powerful strong points well behind, between which the tanks are allowed to infiltrate; then the line of tank traps; then the hidden gun positions on the flanks to pour in fire, and supported by motorised 75's which can settle any tanks; then the huge hidden reserves for counter-attack from the "third lines" and the flanks.

"Defence in depth" is the answer to the infiltration tactics used so successfully by Hitler. Those tactics, too, were the invention of the Frenchman Captain Andre Laffargue, and bagged from another memorandum seized in one of those 1915 trench raids.

And just as Weygand has turned the French-born, German-made idea of "defence in depth" against them, so the time is coming soon for the infiltration-attack which Laffargue dreamt of long ago. But this time, with the French and British tanks, another and a different scythe sweep which will put the Germans back whence they came. Or smash them utterly.

What's In A Name?

At the top of the rise I pulled out my field-glasses and used them. Soon I found him. He was creeping behind hedges and under trees, making a wide detour to avoid the guard at the cross-roads

Crawling along the ditch is no way to go to an aerodrome these days, as you will see by this short story

By WILL SCOTT

IT was so still you could almost hear things in the next county; so clear that if a hill had been high enough you felt you could have seen to the end of the world. The sun was so dazzlingly golden that you blinked. The sky was an empty blue.

I sat on a bank under an elm tree, looking through my field-glasses at anything there might be to see. A quarter of a mile down the lane the Malt Shovel Inn stood back from the road, seemingly asleep.

A dog was stretched out on the gravel in front of it, but there were no customers on its benches, and even the landlord was not in sight. A lane vanished round the side of it.

A long highroad dodged behind hedges and bushes across the flat lands far on my left. Tearing along it were Army lorries. I could see the tops of them and hear the rattle of their engines.

To the right were trees and the land rose. Perhaps two miles away, on the crown of a white hill, I could clearly make out a small group of soldiers guarding a cross-roads. Above was an aeroplane.

The 'plane passed, the procession of Army lorries chugged itself into the distance and vanished. Somewhere a rooster gave a solitary call and was quiet.

I lowered my glasses and yawned, too lazy even to walk the quarter-mile down to the Malt Shovel for bread-and-cheese and ale. It was so hot. It was so sleepy. It was now so silent that you could have heard a pin drop.

And then suddenly, into all this—laughter. Not one laugh, but dozens, curling over each other and growing to a roar. Far-away laughter that echoed through the empty air.

I raised my glasses again and turned them to the east, for from the east the sound had come. Over the roof of the Malt Shovel, between the chimneys, through the distant trees. And then I placed it.

The group of soldiers guarding the cross-roads on the crown of the white hill were no longer alone. They had been joined by a small figure in grey; a middle-aged man in a flannel suit with a white hat

What he was saying to them, of course, I could not tell, but I could see most of them gathered round him, and the sound of their laughter was still clear.

I remember thinking: "The Life and Soul of the Party."

After a minute or so he moved away and the soldiers stood looking after him. A tree blotted him out for a moment as he came down the hill. He reappeared; then one of the chimneys of the inn got in the way, and I lost him.

Once more I lowered my glasses. I was hungry.

Yet that quarter-mile to the Malt Shovel was a terrible distance. Sitting there under the elm tree, it seemed a pretty perfect world. It was difficult to believe there was such a thing as the war in the same universe.

BUT a quarter of an hour later I got a reminder. Down the twisting lane from the highroad on my left came two camouflaged Army cars, three soldiers in each.

The little inn, hidden from their sight at first by its outbuildings on the corner of the lane, seemed to surprise them. They saw it, put on their brakes with a jerk, stopped.

The sleeping dog awoke, and ran away. The six soldiers tumbled out of their cars and went into the Malt Shovel.

"A good idea," I thought; but still I took no steps.

I began to nod, pulled myself together and put away my glasses in their case. A weasel came out of the hedge, ran across the road and disappeared in the hedge opposite. The pub. dog reappeared, looked up and down the lane, barked at nothing and threw itself, panting, under one of the benches.

It was about five minutes later when my little grey man in the white hat turned up. He came out of the lane which vanished round the side of the pub. He had certainly made good time, but it must have been downhill all the way from the crown of the white hill through the trees.

He took off his white hat and stood mopping his brow. He looked first away over the flat land where the twisting lane led to the highroad, then he turned and looked in my direction, without seeing me in the shade under my elm tree. He seemed uncertain.

Over his shoulder he caught sight of the outbuildings, and round the outbuildings he caught sight of the pub. He made up his mind and went in.

I eased up from the tree and stretched my cramped legs. I looked at my watch and slung my field-glasses over my shoulder. I filled and lit my pipe. And then the laughter came.

It came, this time, out of the Malt Shovel.

THEY seemed to be all at it, great guffaws tumbling over each other. It was about the heartiest laughter I had heard anywhere since the war began. When it began to die somebody shouted something chokingly, and it started all over again.

"Funny," I thought. "Does he go round the country telling funny stories to all the soldiers he meets? Sort of mission in life, I suppose."

Very soon after that he came out of the inn and hurried away along the twisting lane which led to the highroad. Soon he was out of sight.

I rose.

The soldiers left the inn and climbed into their cars. They were young officers, full of high spirits and still laughing. The engines roared and the two cars came up the road in my direction. As they passed me I heard two snatches of talk.

". . . Funniest thing I've heard for . . ."

". . . What he *wants* at the aerodrome. . . ."

The cars were gone, leaving me saying those last words over to myself.

"What he *wants* at the aerodrome. . . ." And then, adding a bit and changing the stress: "I wonder what he wants at the *aerodrome*? . . ."

I went down the lane.

It certainly was an idea, the idea that was forming in my mind. Instead of going round the country looking like a spy, you went round looking like a simpleton, telling funny stories to all the soldiers you met, getting their confidence right away, asking your way to the aerodrome—anything. Yes. . . .

I came to the Malt Shovel. Bread-and-cheese and ale. Probably pickles. The very thing. But they would have to wait. I, too, hurried along the twisting lane.

I picked up my little man on the highroad. He was about a quarter of a mile ahead, walking rapidly towards the west. I followed, not clear as to why, but I followed. And after about five minutes of this sort of thing suddenly the little man stopped, peering ahead. I dodged behind a tree.

He stood there for fully a minute, peering ahead, quite motionless. There was a rise in the ground and I could not see what had halted him. But under my tree was a fence. I climbed on this and got a good view. At some distance along the highroad was another cross-roads, and this also was being protected by a small band of soldiers. But this time, for some reason, my little man in grey wasn't so eager to show himself.

He moved swiftly to the side of the road, still staring ahead. Then he ducked out of sight and was gone.

It wasn't just what he did: it was the way he did it. He was so very anxious not to be seen. I was too far away from him to hear anything, but I felt positive that if I had been only a yard away from him still I should have heard nothing. He slid into the hedge as noiselessly as a snake. Indeed, he seemed to me now to be pretty much like a snake in every way.

There was a secret here, without doubt! A mystery!

And having gone so far I made up my mind to go to the end. I wasn't going to lose sight of my spy at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour. He might slink out of the sight of the guard at the cross-roads, but he wasn't going to slink out of my sight if I could help it.

I jumped down from the fence and hurried along the highroad. At the top of the rise I pulled out my field-glasses and used them. Soon I found him. He was creeping behind hedges and under trees, making a wide detour in order to avoid the guard at the cross-roads. There was no doubt about it.

Well, there was only one thing for me to do. I hurried along to the cross-roads and found that one of the soldiers was an officer. I put it to him.

"A spy?" he said.

"Well, there's just the possibility," said I.

"Going to the aerodrome and won't risk a challenge from us?"

"That," I said, "certainly seems to be the fact."

WE could just make out the little man's white hat behind some bushes across a long field.

"Bring him in," said the officer to two of his men.

And so they brought him in, looking about as crestfallen as a man could look.

"What are you doing slinking round these fields?" said the officer.

The little man did not answer.

"Where are you going?"

"The aerodrome."

"What for?"

"Business."

"Business, eh? What's your name?"

Again no answer.

"Let me see your identity card."

The little man went pale.

"I'm tired of showing my identity card."

"Come on," said the officer.

The little man produced his identity card and the officer took it and opened it. I saw him give a violent start. He read aloud:

"'Arthur Sydney Pickleworm!'"

He began to laugh. His men began to laugh. They roared. They rocked. The little man blushed.

And perhaps, I reflected, if that had been my name *I'd* have been tired of producing my identity card. I'd have wanted to creep away.

In the circumstances I *did* creep away. Back to the Malt Shovel for my bread-and-cheese and pickles and ale.

The clock struck two on the way. The Malt Shovel was closed.

Guineas for Readers

HUMANIST this week advises a troubled mother who says she would rather have a dead hero than a living coward for a son. Every week he tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page

MY SON IS A COWARD

MY most troublesome problem this week came from a mother who wanted aiding and abetting in a plan to force her son into the Army by threatening to expose his unpleasant past.

"I would rather have a dead hero than a living coward for a son," she says. She wants me to help in this blackmail by saying that I agree with her, but I feel deep down that she is not really going to make her son do something that he hates.

"For generations the menfolk of the family have been soldiers," says the woman. "I lost my husband at Loos in the last war, and I cannot understand why my son should be a coward.

"He tells me that when he is called up in the near future he will register as a conscientious objector. He claims to be scared of bloodshed, of shells, of death and of all the horrors of war.

"He is engaged to be married, but the girl does not know that for the last six years he has been paying maintenance for a child. The mother died, and I have reared the child myself. Everybody thinks I adopted it for a cash payment.

"Now I have threatened to tell the girl and her family about the child unless my son acts like a man when he is called to the Colours.

"Am I doing right in adopting this method? My son says I am not acting like a mother.

"And now he almost hates me for it.

"Shall I let him evade his military call-up or use his past mistake as a weapon to force him to join? I don't know what to do for the best. I am only trying to make a man of him."

I am inclined to think it would be better to let the lad settle with his own conscience. But the problem is complicated by two other issues:

Should the mother allow her son to marry without telling the girl about his past?

Is it fair to say nothing in such a case?

Is the man a sincere objector or is he merely afraid?

Thousands of men are afraid of shells and bombs, but that does not make them conscientious objectors.

These questions were not asked by the mother, yet they are involved in the problem. I should like to know what other readers think about it.

"My husband has an all-consuming desire for money," writes another reader. "He mistrusts me without the slightest reason. I have been brought up to be thrifty and honest, but I don't like being mean.

"My husband used to allow me a pound a week for housekeeping, and I gave him a detailed account of every penny I spent.

"When I needed new clothes and asked for a little extra, he demanded to know where the money was to come from.

"Yet one day I came across his pay-slip by accident, and discovered that he was earning more than three pounds a week. Feeling suspicious, I went through his drawer and found £70 in notes.

"There was a most unpleasant argument, and eventually I persuaded him to put the money in the bank in our names jointly.

"Since then he has made certain that I don't see any more pay-slips. He is doing a good deal of overtime, and he must be carrying his money with him."

It is a pity that the wife found the money when searching her husband's private papers.

Every man resents that, and now their position is regrettable. Thus each is feeling suspicious of the other.

If only they could co-operate in saving money for the future, they might be reasonably happy.

If the wife had been squandering money you could understand the man's secretiveness.

These who read these headlines with fear must settle their own problems, says Humanist when confronted with a man accused of being a coward

If the man were throwing his money about, you could understand his wife's anxiety. Yet they might easily work together.

Actually the husband has a hoarding instinct, and hoarders are rarely willing to share their secrets. They like to gloat in solitude. The danger is in their developing a mania and becoming misers.

Confidence would prevent these unhappy situations. Man and wife should be partners, not rivals. Marriage should be a duet; not a duel.

"I have always been a cheerful sort of chap," writes a reader, "and I don't believe in trying to cross a bridge before I come to it.

"But my wife is a confirmed pessimist.

"She always expects the worst. When I refuse to listen to her doleful predictions she tells me I'm in a fool's paradise.

"She is a depressing companion. She seems to have an uncanny knack for picking out all the worst news from newspapers, and skips the parts that might reassure her.

"She has always been like this, and her mother is the same.

"When the two of them get together there's nothing left in life!

"If I try to keep cheerful, whistling or singing in the house, they look at me as though I were misbehaving at a funeral. It is getting me down.

"There is no excuse for this gloom. I have a good job and we are comfortably off. There are hundreds of people who manage on less yet they are not half as 'blue' as we are."

If a woman is miserable without any apparent reason she should see a doctor. She may be the victim of chronic dyspepsia.

If the doctor gives her a good bill of health, her trouble is mental.

The women would be happier if they had plenty of work to do. The mother of four or five healthy children has no time to worry about the state of the universe.

Hard work is particularly good for those whose worries are based on unreasonable fears. There are more pessimists among the wealthy than among the poor.

Only when we know the worst can we face life with courage and high spirits.

Voice of the People

Saving War-work Overtime Money; Can't Youngsters Help Again? Uniforms Essential to Safety of the "Parashots"; Dangers of Trying to do Too Much

EVERY worker who works overtime on war work should be made to put half the overtime money into war loan for the benefit of himself (and the state), and should yield the other half to a central fund for helping Service-men and their dependants.

It should be done *immediately*. And please devote any proceeds from this letter to ex-Servicemen.—H. Keenan (ex-N.C.O.), King's Drive, Liverpool 14.

Reader Keenan's 10s. 6d. goes to our "Greatest of These" Fund. We thank him.

* * *

I AM a cotton-weaver. I start overtime to-morrow. I am told I shall get pay-and-a-half for the extra hours. I shall feel small indeed if I am compelled to take it.—Mary Hindle, Peel Street, Rochdale.

* * *

THERE is danger in suggesting that amusement and relaxation are now unpatriotic.

We shall remember our brave lads all the better if we escape from the harrowing details of mass murder for brief spells. H. H. O., St. Paul's Road, Preston, Lancs.

* * *

DURING the years 1914-18 youngsters were called on to kill rats for victory, slay sparrows for victory, collect horse-chestnuts for victory (they had some use in munition-making), and do countless other war jobs.

When are we going to start letting the youngsters of 1940 do their bit?—J. Ingleby, Holland Park Drive, Rhyl, North Wales.

Soon. There are more important services going to waste at the moment.

* * *

WHY should men of the Local Defence Volunteers be supplied with uniforms, when a badge is enough? Courage and perseverance, and not clothes, will win this war.—Winifred Isted.

A man fighting in civilian clothes risks being executed by the Nazis as a civilian caught firing on the troops, or of being killed by mistake by our own men.

* * *

SOME people have taken all precautions advised under A.R.P., others have done nothing.

The "Done-Nothings" spend most of their time sneering at the others as jittery folk.

If bombs fall, we'll soon see who are the best citizens.—B. C., Oban Street, Ipswich.

People who take no precautions are often nervous subjects. They daren't apply their minds to realities.

* * *

LET us women show that we have as much patriotism as the Finns by handing over our wedding rings to help pay for the war.—Mrs. E. Nixon, West Crescent, Wardley, Gateshead.

Majority of wedding rings are 9 or 14 carat. A wholesale jeweller estimates that it would take 100,000 to buy best modern bomber. Before expecting such help, the State would make demands yielding results more commensurate to the sacrifice involved.

CASH PRIZES

★ *This is YOUR corner—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

COULDN'T public school and secondary school boys, going into the country to help with the harvest, be so teamed that they could give added security against possible aerial invasion? Many have years of O.T.C. training.—J. Haynes, Uxbridge Middlesex.

Plan is to camp them in parties of twenty (ages sixteen to nineteen), each group under a master. There are possibilities in this reader's idea.

* * *

FOR a fortnight I have been securing my car against theft by parachute troops.

Yesterday I looked round the garage, found seven road maps, a motoring guide to the kingdom, a cheap compass, an old bayonet.

I have since found most motorists harbour in their garages articles that would be useful to the enemy.—L. S. Driver, Uxbridge Road, W.

* * *

WIVES and dependants of soldiers receive 3s. 6d. a week extra when living in the London area.

Thousands moved by the L.C.C. to new estates in the London suburbs, however, find this concession is denied to them, although they pay the full London rates—surely most unfair.—W. G., L.C.C.'s Downham Estate, Kent.

Test is whether families live in the London postal area. This allowance is based on a law passed in the eighteenth century!

* * *

NOT only have signposts been removed, but also every village name on hoardings and shop windows has been obliterated.

Yet there are such big displays of local picture-postcard views in some shops that a "parachute soldier" would be in no doubt as to his whereabouts.—Miss Dorothy Jones, Barncliffe Hill, Shelley, near Huddersfield.

JOHN BULL learns that all such details will be attended to.

* * *

FEWER postage-stamp automatic machines are needed now that postage is dearer and a bigger type of Jubilee stamp is being sold.

Why not, therefore, fill the unwanted machines with sixpenny National Savings stamps?—H. V. Dunn, Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

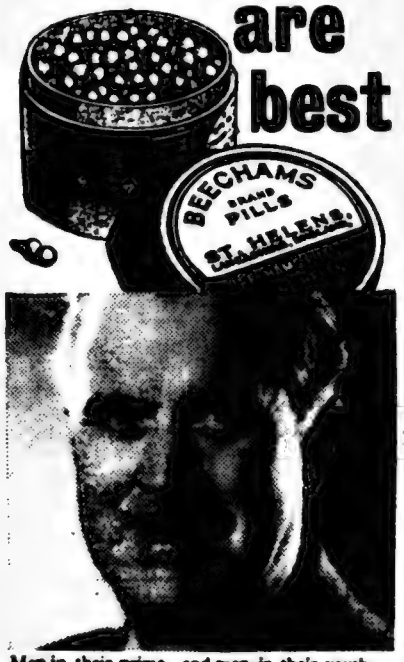
JOHN BULL believes that many more people would buy these stamps (which can later be changed for Savings Certificates) if they were available at all hours and didn't entail queueing up at a stamp counter.

H.L.S. says:-
Here's an elegant shoe that stands War-time strain
Your "Wearra" retailer can fit you for width as well as length. "Wearra" Shoes for men are in sizes and half-sizes with three fittings (slim, medium and broad) to each.
IN TAN OR BLACK CALF
3 DISTINCTIVE STYLES
Wearra
MULTIPLE FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN

Send a post card for free illustrated booklet "Footwear since the world began," also name of local stockist, to the Manufacturers:
JOHN SHORTLAND LTD., Dept. J.B., Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONshire

In times like these

old friends are best



Men in their prime—and men in their youth—all know the value of Beechams Pills. A timely dose will keep a man in the pink of condition—keep his blood pure, his stomach in order, his liver active and prevent him putting on weight and girth. Purely vegetable. Sold everywhere

take **Beechams Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE GO TO PIECES UNDER THE STRAIN *while others stand up to it?*

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

IT is a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. That's because they belong to the wrong Sleep Group, say scientists. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

1st SLEEP GROUP. The people in this Group stand war strain well. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness.

2nd SLEEP GROUP. Second Group people seem to sleep well enough, yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy" and low-spirited.

3rd SLEEP GROUP. The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired.

The trouble in Groups 2 and 3 is that the brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks brings complete repose to body, nerves and brain.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. It will give you the abundant energy and life that comes from getting 1st Group Sleep every night.

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st GROUP SLEEP

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING

No need to use sugar if you sprinkle each layer of bread *lavishly* with Sultanas. Bread and Butter Pudding with Sultanas gets new popularity.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING IS A FINE STAND-BY . . . BUT

with Sultanas

IT'S A STAR TURN!

★ Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

(32)

THIS NOURISHING AND ECONOMICAL SWEET IS EASILY MADE WITH

CHIVERS JELLIES

– the jellies of fruit juice fame

LEMON WHIP.

1 pint packet Chivers' Lemon Jelly. 1 breakfast cup cold water. 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Make up the Jelly as directed, in the packet and place a small layer in the bottom of individual moulds. Whisk the remainder when semi, adding the lemon juice and breadcrumbs when thoroughly whisked. Fill the moulds with this mixture and when set turn out and decorate with plain chopped jelly if required.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

Yours for 1d

A FULL SIZE 1/3 TUBE OF GIBBS S.R. TOOTHPASTE

for only 1d and two empty S.R. cartons

Here's the simplest and easiest way to save! All you have to do is to collect two empty 6d. S.R. cartons and hand them with 1d. to your chemist. He will give you in return a 1/3 tube of Gibbs S.R., the toothpaste which cures and prevents gum-rot and gum-bleeding. *This offer does not apply in Eire.*

GIBBS **S.R.** TOOTHPASTE

—SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR GUMS

SR 65-789 D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1

"Rough-House" Champ.

Hailed in the United States as another "English sucker," straight-left Billy Plimmer staggered the critics. A. W. Helliwell, continuing his brilliant "Giants of the Ring," tells how he punched his way to a world championship

EVEN when the comfortable little fortune he had made with his fists was exhausted by disastrous speculations, there was still one treasured possession on which Billy Plimmer refused to set a price.

Nothing would have persuaded him to part with the skin-tight yellow dog-skin boxing-gloves with which he fought tough Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider."

Battered they might be, and stained with blood, but little Billy had only to take them in his hands to live again the hour of triumph when he won the world bantamweight title at Coney Island, New York City, May, 1892.

They breed grand fighters in Birmingham, and Plimmer took naturally to scrapping.

He never had a boxing lesson in his life. No one showed him how to stand, how to hold his hands, or hit correctly.

He did these things by instinct, and there never has been a prettier or more deadly straight left.

His first scraps were in the fairground booths around Birmingham.

Shuffling around in makeshift rings under the guttering light of naphthalene flares, he learned to dodge the ponderous swings of opponents who were stones heavier.

Such experience eventually made him a world champion, but you would never have guessed that he learned in such a rough-and-tumble school.

He boxed with a flawless style.

He could slug with the toughest if need be, but always he preferred the rapier to the cudgel, the straight left to the swinging, round-arm blow.

Those treasured gloves, brought back to England after winning the title, showed how he employed these tactics to defeat Kelly. The right was comparatively unmarked, but the left was dark with blood where Billy had kept it jabbing incessantly into the American's nose and mouth.

Plimmer was twenty-one when he became British champion after defeating Arthur Wesley at the old Ormonde Club. Eighteen months later, still undefeated, he crossed the Atlantic to challenge Kelly.

His reception in New York was cool.

American sports writers had a poor opinion of British fighters, and Billy's first gymnasium work-outs left them unimpressed. Accustomed to the hustling, two-fisted methods of the American ring, they missed the significance of the Birmingham boy's skill.

"Just another English sucker," they sneered, adding that Billy's first opponent, Jem Paterson, a Manhattan bantam, would "stop him in a couple of rounds."

Yet Plimmer boxed the New Yorker dizzy.

He could have gone in and finished him off, but remembering the ribbing he had received in the newspapers, he went out of his way to make Paterson look small.

HE did this so effectively that one of his most ferocious critics hailed him as "a world beater" next day.

"The Briton," he wrote, "proved himself a great little fighter; clever, strong, game, and a grand tactician. There is no man at his weight in America who would have more than an even money chance with him, and I do not bar my old-time friend, Spider Kelly either.

"Plimmer is a downright good man, and there is no wiping it out!"

Overnight Billy found himself among the popular fighters in New York, and

Shuffling round makeshift rings under the guttering light of naphthalene flares, he learned to box with flawless style

the city praised him still more when the flattering left him unspoiled.

Four months elapsed before he put the champion in a spot where he could no longer ignore the challenges of the "English sucker." Ten thousand people saw the contest staged in an old skating rink at Coney Island.

Kelly was thin and rangy.

In action, he seemed all arms and legs, and his hustling tear-away manner earned him the nickname of the Harlem Spider.

He was not an exceptionally heavy puncher.

He exhausted his opponents by flashy speed and a ceaseless battery of blows from all manner of weird angles.

And he set about Plimmer as though he intended to finish him in the first two minutes.

In he rushed, fists flying wildly. A second later he was staggering back on his heels, blood gushing from his split lips. The Englishman's straight left had been at work.

Erect as a Guardsman, his left arm rigid as a ram-rod, little Billy stopped Kelly's rushes in the same cool fashion, and there was plenty of steam in his punches.

But Kelly had the blood of the fighting Irish.

And he was confident that if he could only get to close quarters, he would soon batter his challenger into unconsciousness.

There was no denying his pluck, no denying the menace of the mighty punches tossed in Billy's direction, but most of them only carved holes in the air. The rest were caught on the Birmingham boy's arms and elbows, while his own left hand flicked in and out with unerring accuracy.

IN the seventh round Billy hit Kelly with a terrific right as he stepped forward. Up went the Spider's long arms and down he crashed to a count of five.

He rose to his feet flushed with anger, but he never really recovered from the effects of that blow. After taking a terrible hammering for three more rounds, Kelly collapsed. He was out for keeps, and the "English Sucker" was champion of the world.

Plimmer stayed in the States for two years to establish himself.

He gave the best "scrappers" America could produce every opportunity to save the title for the United States, but Jerry Barnett, Joe McGrath, Willie Tucker and Dan Clelland all tried to take it from him without success.

Even more amazing was the ease with which he gave a boxing lesson to George Dixon, famed "Little Chocolate," at Madison Square Garden.

At that time Dixon was among the world's cleverest featherweights, and even the many good friends Billy had made in the United States thought he had taken on too much.

Yet again the little wonder from "Brum" surprised them.

Not only did he out-box the brilliant coloured boy, but also he stood toe-to-toe with him in the final round, and ended with such a dazzling display of fighting that Madison Square Garden was electrified with excitement.

Plimmer sailed for England undefeated.

He will always be remembered among the greatest Ambassadors of sport.

THIS ARMY COULD WORK AT HOME

UNTAPPED amidst Britain's vast resources is the home talent of the small man, the amateur mechanic, the amateur carpenter, the amateur chemist.

In the last war, amateur mechanics, of whom there were several thousands, turned out 500,000 shell components and 200,000 to 300,000 parts for fuses.

There is no question now of supplying such amateurs with machine tools.

They have their own lathes, their own precision instruments, and frequently make their own tools. All they need is a blue print and the metal.

How They Can Help

Men who spend two or three hours a day manufacturing small-scale locomotives, miniature aero engines and model ships would gladly give their spare-time services in the country's great rearmament effort.

If you are an amateur mechanic, you might communicate with Mr. Percival Marshall, 60, Kingsway, London, W.C.1. He is trying to create a distribution scheme for allocating armaments work to amateurs.

Many of the fire-fighting and other appliances used by the A.R.P. services occasionally need new parts.

To send to the manufacturer for a new part often involves days of delay.

Bomb Sights at Home

By making known his abilities to the local A.R.P. centre, the amateur mechanic can save delay and expense by manufacturing the part required. Often it only means turning a new thread on a valve—an accomplishment quite within the scope of Britain's average amateur mechanic.

Bomb sights, aircraft camera parts and small tank components can all be manufactured at home by the competent mechanic.

Woodworkers Needed

By giving his labour to the country in this way he is relieving a much-required lathe in a big factory.

Still, the mobilisation of home talent need not be confined to the amateur mechanic.

Amateur carpenters and wood-turners can help in producing aeroplane instrument cases, shell packing-cases, small wooden components of aircraft.

Many of these people already make crutches and splints for local hospitals.

Hospitals are always glad of medical boxes. Yet factories are hard put to it to keep up with demand.

Many amateur woodworkers have small stocks of timber that can be conveniently shaped at home.

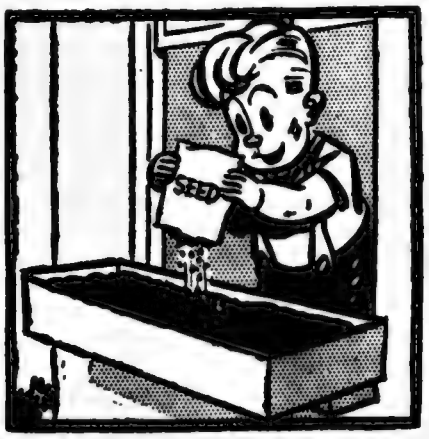
If you feel you can be useful in this way, your local hospital or the British Red Cross Association will tell you just what they require.

Home talent, indeed, offers a fruitful field for research by the Ministry of Supply.

There are amateur glass-workers, amateur chemists, amateur rug-makers and scores of other skilled amateurs whose services, provided suitable work-distribution can be arranged, could ease the load on factories.

What Mothers Did

It is worth remembering that in the last war millions of mothers were employed in organising baby crèches, thus releasing for work in armaments factories mothers with small children, who found it no easy task to make ends meet on their husband's Army pay.



Look For This Next Week

Next week JOHN BULL will announce an invaluable Privilege Home Service to every reader.

We will not let out the secret now, but this is something that every family will want—something that in the ordinary way would cost £7 7s.

JOHN BULL will make it available on privilege terms so that everyone can take advantage of this service.

Don't miss JOHN BULL next week.

CLEANS BEST
LASTS LONGEST

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

6d and 1/-

Prices U.K. only

NO MESS
NO WASTE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1. GD2011

Keep complexion-confidence all day long

never have a shiny nose

No matter how long you have to go without being able to do your face, no matter how hot and stuffy the atmosphere becomes, you will never be worried by shiny nose if you use Snowfire Powder Cream. Hours after you have put it on, this fragrant powder cream is still giving your skin a lovely 'matt' bloom, keeping 'shine' away, making sure that you look charming and well-groomed. There are six perfect skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Suntan.

SNOWFIRE
Powder Cream
Stays on five times longer

Jar 6d. & 1/3
Tube 6d.
Handbag Container 3d.

What a pity

he doesn't take

a laxative which brings smiles instead of snarls, good cheer instead of bad temper. What a pity he doesn't take Lixen! For Lixen is both thorough and pleasant. It is non-griping and non-habit-forming. And it is so completely *natural* that it can be taken with confident safety by children, adults and invalids alike. From chemists only. LIXEN LOZENGES (fruit flavoured) 8½d. & 1/2. LIXEN ELIXIR (in bottles) 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.

LIXEN

the good-natured

LAXATIVE

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.2

Quick, easy, thorough way
TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan...
1
Leave for as long as possible—then flush.
2
Harpic reaches that hidden bend...
3
It's done! The bowl is glistening—the pan is clean & sanitary.
4

TODAY, when homes are crowded and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to every housewife. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

"May I have more soap flakes for bubbles please?"

"When I was a little girl, Muriel, we never used soap flakes for making bubbles."

"Oh, Mummie, but Sylvan Flakes make such lovely, big, glistening bubbles. Can't I have some Sylvan?"

"Of course you can, Muriel. Goodness knows Sylvan cost little enough. Why, Mummie used to pay half as much again to get as many soap flakes as there are in this big packet."

"Did you, Mummie? I suppose everybody in the world uses Sylvan Flakes?"

"Not quite everybody, darling. The clever ones do. They know that Sylvan Flakes are absolutely safe with silks and never make colours run."

"Do you wash my yellow jersey in Sylvan, Mummie?"

"I wash all your woollies in Sylvan, Muriel. That's why they don't shrink or lose shape."

"And could you wash me in Sylvan, if you wanted to?"

"Of course I could. There's no soda in Sylvan to hurt even your tender skin. That's why Sylvan's gentle lather is so kind to the hands."

SOME REASONS WHY YOU ARE GOING TO LIKE SYLVAN

SYLVAN FLAKES are safe, economical and kind to your hands. You can trust your most valuable silks to Sylvan with absolute confidence. Sylvan cannot make colours run. Woollens can't shrink or lose shape. Sylvan Flakes do every washing job quicker, better, easier. When you buy Sylvan, you get half as much again of the finest soap flakes for your money.

SYLVAN FLAKES USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

IRIUM—FIRST AID FOR DULL SMILES!

See for yourself, as millions have, how quickly Pepsodent *plus* Irium (this newly discovered cleansing miracle) brushes away unsightly surface stains and treacherous hidden particles. See how quickly teeth look brighter, more radiant than ever before.

IRIUM Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder—STILL ONLY 6d!

They do the Navy's Dirty Work -and Never Grouse!

COMMANDER H. PURSEY, R.N., "JOHN BULL'S" NAVAL CORRESPONDENT, INTRODUCES THE HEROIC CREWS OF THE DESTROYERS, THOSE FAST LITTLE WARSHIPS THAT SLIP INTO DANGEROUS WATERS WHERE BATTLESHIPS CAN'T PENETRATE

WHILE the battleship, dignified monarch of the seas, still symbolises the British Navy's might, the slim, grey destroyer, handsome maid of all work, typifies the daring seamanship that has given Britannia world supremacy of the sea.

Breathes there a land-lubber with a soul so dead that he has not fancied himself in a brass-bound uniform on hearing of the exploits of the British destroyers in the last eight months?

Even though destroyers have so far been denied their main chance in a major naval engagement, they have thrilled the world with their adventures off the Norwegian coast, in the battles of the fiords, and in rescuing the B.E.F. during the battle of the Ports.

They must undertake the most hazardous tasks, do the Navy's dirty work and accept the greatest losses without complaint.

Patrol and convoy work seemed to be their main lot for the first few months of the war.

They were busy hunting U-boats, screening capital ships, shepherding convoys, escorting troopships, dashing into Norwegian fiords, racing into Dutch and French ports under aircraft and artillery barrages.

The destroyers spent days bucketing about in bad weather, heaving decks swept by driving spray and rain, ice on the rigging and guns, snow on the decks and gun covers, and no sign of a coastline for days at a time.

Many destroyers spent a hundred days out of the first hundred and twenty of war at sea.

Some steamed 30,000 miles, more than once round the world, in all sorts of weather.

There was the destroyer, escorting a convoy, that dealt with a U-boat, then dashed back to the flock of worried steamers, signalled anxiously to the largest of its charges.

Every eye on every bridge watched the message flash out from the destroyer's bridge.

"Can you spare us any bread," it read.

The galley had been swamped and the dough ruined in that dramatic dash to hurl depth-charges around the lurking U-boat, and after many days at sea supplies were precious.

FOR obvious reasons the Admiralty has been loth to publish details of the exploits of destroyers engaged in hunting U-boats.

Yet the high proportion of awards to destroyer personnel for their successes against submarines has borne witness to the good work done.

One destroyer, the *Antelope*, sank two U-boats that attacked her convoy in one afternoon.

Not until after ten weeks of war was the first destroyer lost, when *Blanche* hit a mine.

Ten days later *Gipsy* was the first warship to be lost through a magnetic "murder" mine. Although torpedoed, *Jersey* returned safely to harbour.

Two destroyers—*Grenville* and *Exmouth*—were sunk by mine or torpedo in January, and *Daring* was the first to be announced as definitely "torpedoed and sunk" in February.

With hulls of thin plating, these naval greyhounds are particularly vulnerable to torpedo, mine or bomb explosion.

Should there be a collision on a pitch-black night while steaming at high speed, their chance of survival is small. In these conditions *Duchess* was sunk with "all hands" on a dark and bitter winter night.

When the war started Great Britain had 180 destroyers in commission and 24 building.

Six under construction for the Brazilian Navy were also taken over by the Admiralty.

Many others have since been laid down.

Germany had only 34 completed, eight under construction, giving Britain five to one, without including 38 French destroyers.

It was in Norwegian waters that British destroyers had two opportunities of "cutting-out expeditions," such as those which created the epics of sailing-ship days.

In the first daring attack by five "H" class vessels, led by *Hardy*, the British sank two German destroyers and set three on fire, despite the enemy's larger number and heavier guns.

Several transports and supply ships were also sunk.

Hunter was sunk by torpedo and *Hardy* beached after being disabled by gunfire.

Survivors of *Hunter* managed to reach Sweden and those of *Hardy* were brought home.

In the second Narvik raid four Tribal class destroyers and five others, supported by the battleship *Warspite*, completed the "mopping up" of German vessels by sinking seven Nazi destroyers in a regular destroyer dog-fight.

Other destroyer casualties in the Norwegian campaign have been *Glowworm*, which became detached from her flotilla and was sunk by superior enemy forces; *Gurkha* and *Afridi*, sunk by unlucky bomb hits, after giving a good account of themselves in action against Nazi bombers.

An Army officer told me that the thing that most impressed him during the Norwegian campaign was a destroyer hunt of a U-boat.

Nothing had been seen of a submarine when suddenly the destroyer got contact with her Asdics and signalled "Going to drop depth-charges."

As my friend remarked: "Down went the depth-charges. . . . Up came the submarine from nowhere—disabled. . . . Bang—bang—went the destroyer's gun... Down went the U-boat to her doom. It was uncanny.

DURING the Nazi advance to the Dutch, Belgian and French coasts, the Navy was able to give inestimable aid to the local military forces.

Large ships could not be used and the heat and burden of the fray fell on our destroyers, half a dozen of which paid the price of Admiralty.

Valentine was damaged by air attack off the Dutch coast and subsequently beached; *Whitley* suffered a similar fate. *Wessex* was sunk by a bomb off the French coast while shelling German shore batteries.

The evacuation of Boulogne was mainly a destroyer's job, and when the withdrawal of the British Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk was essential, the shallow water restricted this hazardous operation to small craft.

Destroyers again bore the brunt of the task, carrying out epic deeds by racing into the harbour despite heavy aircraft and artillery bombardment.

Three destroyers were sunk by aircraft attack, *Grafton*, *Grenade* and *Wakeful*, but this was a small price to pay for the brilliant task achieved in evacuating the greater part of the isolated Allied armies.

For the amount of success achieved in nine months of ruthless warfare, the loss of seventeen destroyers is not a high price. Fortunately, a large number of the personnel was saved.

On patrol, many destroyers spent a hundred days out of the first hundred and twenty of war at sea

This is only 8 per cent. of the original number of destroyers, and losses have been more than replaced by new vessels.

Nazis have lost sixteen destroyers—nearly half their available force—and seventy U-boats.

German occupation of Dutch and Belgian coasts, enabling Nazi destroyers and submarines to venture along these coasts, may provide more open fighting for our destroyers. Any such opportunities will be eagerly seized.

As long as the war continues, there will be a constant demand for the ubiquitous destroyer, and in the event of any scrapping it is certain the destroyers will be there.

Already these vessels have added lustre to the laurels won by their predecessors in the last war, and they will continue to do so in whatever sphere of operations they are called on to operate.

TRAVELLING HOSPITAL TO DEFY BOMBS

"It was noticeable that only those persons who ignored official instructions to keep under cover during the air raid were injured. . . ."

YET again the radio announcer stresses the necessity for keeping to air raid shelters when the bombs are dropping, emphasises by giving the figures of yet another bombardment as an example, that there is no need to worry as long as you follow out instructions.

Self-Made Victims

People in air raid shelters have suffered no ill-effects even from bombs exploding within a few feet of their sanctuary, but the open-mouthed, star-gazers, peering out of windows, gazing up from roof-tops, eagerly running through the streets, always seem to fall victims to shrapnel and falling masonry. It is for these uncontrollable mad-caps that the converted motor-coach, Mobile Unit of the A.R.P. first aid squad will creep out into the streets after an air raid, prepared to handle all casualties.

This travelling hospital, manned by a doctor, a nurse and a squad of six trained men, contains all the equipment needed to deal with the most complicated injury to anybody who cannot be taken to a permanent first aid post.

Operating Theatre

It carries all that is necessary—including emergency anæsthetics, such as chloroform masks, ether and drop bottles—to turn a garage or roof-top into an emergency operating theatre.

There are stretchers, cases of bandages for all purposes, boxes of surgical instruments, splints for every emergency from 6 ft. in length to a tiny splint 2 in. long and 1 in. wide for broken fingers, ready-filled hot-water bottles, stoves on which instruments can be boiled, and its own fire-fighting apparatus.

Dealing with Tetanus

There are hypodermic injections of serum for anti-tetanus—tetanus is a specially dreaded infection from dust and dirt—morphia, heart stimulants, stitching instruments, sutures, ligatures, razors, tracheotomy sets (for throat injuries), dressings, gauze, strappings, lotions, and tannic acid jelly for burns.

Hanging on the walls of the vehicle are decontamination suits and helmets, buckets, rubber boots and gas masks. Above are racks containing bundles of ash walking-sticks and crutches to assist the injured in reaching a fixed first aid post.

Mobile Unit doctors perform emergency work on the streets, whilst their assistants create a temporary first aid post, where surgical operations can be completed before the patient is removed to hospital.

Proved Themselves

Mobile Units were intended originally to serve remote country areas, but they proved so efficient that to-day every borough throughout Great Britain has from two to four motor-coaches or pantechnicons converted into street hospitals.

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT

Whatever it is, except a medical matter, write to "John Bull" Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope.

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey, fellers! There's a bloke 'ere wants me to mind 'is bike"

GRIN AND BEAR IT! By OLIVER PLUM

Despairing Note from a Fallen Star

My Dear Oliver,—

Time marches on—if I may coin a phrase—and in doing so it marches right over the hopes and aspirations of your old buddy. One short year ago and I was hitting the headlines a good, hearty wallop, and many a film star might have envied the publicity I received.

Now, unhonoured and unsung, I might as well be a common earthworm for all the fuss people make of me. Believe me, Olly, old boy, it's a hard life for a fallen star whom nobody seems to want any more.

Only last week I offered my services to the Admiralty as the only U-boat strangler in existence, but the only reply I got was a curt and rude message suggesting that it was high time I was kept under loch and quay.

As a writer of sorts, cannot you do something to give a leg-up to a chap who once caused interest and amusement to countless thousands? The public is notoriously fickle, I know, but surely they still have a shred of interest in your old pal,

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER.

Simpler Version

"Eton College boys," it is stated, "are now doing regular anti-parachute duties in the College playing fields."

When the Battle of Eton is won on the playing fields of Eton, the result will be hailed with delight by those earnest searchers after truth who could never understand how the Battle of Waterloo was won there.

Plantation Song

Sailors no longer have sweethearts in every port, says Captain William Tyrell, of the United States steamer *President Polk* (10,508 tons), who has travelled round the world forty times. "They are now," he explains, "studious gentlemen who act l[ike] other tourists."

Gone are the days when our po[rts] were bright and gay,
Gone are the salts from the ha[ven] where they made hay,
Gone to a far more studious form [of] hobby,
I hear their gentle voices calli[ng] *"Poor old Nobby."*
I'm coming, I'm coming, with my te[a] *books from the lobby;*
I hear their gentle voices calli[ng] *"Poor old Nobby."*

Stout Heart!

A nasty blow has been struck [at] Adolf's blitzvictory hopes by an [81]-year-old member of the Association [of] Men of Kent and Kentish men, [who] has sent in his subscriptions for [the] next six years.

Fashion Note

A new shade of women's stockin[gs] has been named "Duck's Egg." Well, they certainly should not get any run[s].

Great Thoughts Dept.

Whoever it was who said that [dis]tance lends enchantment could never have missed the last 'bus and [been] obliged to take a cab.

Whine from the Wood

The gay old sport who loves his port
Is frequently attacked by gout,
And as we shake our heads we say:
"Be sure your binns will find [you] out!"

Order, Please

Nobody can confirm the report that Hitler has presented ex-King Leopold with the Grand Order of the Double Cross, 1st Class.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SUNDAY POST: "She had been found lying on a STAR."

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST: "... was charged with cruelty to a GOD."

THE WESTERN GUARDIAN:—"An ex-pearl DRIVER from Tahiti. ..."

DAILY TELEGRAPH: "So violent was the concussion that the AERODROME turned upside down."

BRISTOL EVENING POST: "British submarine was drifting dangerously in middle of the WINED area."

THE TIMES: "Let the whole nation stand behind the King's HORSES, on sea, on land, and in the air, with indomitable and undaunted spirit."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS: "The Legion's suggestion for members to deal with possible parachute invaders had been welcomed by the Home Defence CHEFS."

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3D.

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

THE LAST LAUGH

C. N. (Bursiem).—"Running when the weather is hot is both foolish and dangerous." Our butter doesn't care.

H. H. (Tufnell Park).—"He is too stout to use the 'phone in a public kiosk." Can't he get a word in edgeways?

A. V. (Wantage).—"The snail is safe from birds when he retires into his shell." Nature was well ahead of the Anderson shelter.

T. McN. (Inverness).—"I am going on a walking tour with my wife and her two sisters." Are you sure you don't mean a talking tour?

AMERICAN (Hampstead).—"I found nothing attractive about the East Coast during my stay there." So much for those magnetic mines!

R. N. (Neath).—"Not satisfied with dropping fully-armed men from planes, the Germans are now said to be experimenting with even more bulky objects." Goering types?

B. H. (Clifton).—"I heard the magistrate say that wives cannot be treated like furniture." True; for one thing, the instalment people sometimes take the furniture back!

K. H. (Haywards Heath).—"I know a woman who had lost her voice for some years and recovered it through being in a railway accident." And did her husband sue the railway company?

S. C. (Spennymoor).—"My pal must be a very strong man. He tried to get intoxicated the other night, but was unsuccessful in this." The flesh was willing but perhaps the spirits were weak.

MRS. A. (Marlow).—"I've cured my husband once and for all of telling his exaggerated fishing stories." You make him hold your knitting wool as soon as he starts showing you how big they were?

BARBER (Leeds).—"I'm afraid the war has taught a lot of men to shave themselves." In some cases we understand that they have actually succeeded in talking themselves into buying bottles of skin lotion.

A. N. (Barry).—"What shall I do if my friend asks me to sing at his party?" Sing—it'll be his own fault.

W. L. (Holt).—"Figures show that women generally begin to put on weight in their mid-thirties." Figures would show that.

TRAINER (Manchester).—"An elephant never forgets a trick even after years." What elephants some of our bridge friends are!

J. M. (Largs).—"The dog next door has uprooted all my lettuce plants." We hope you dealt firmly with such fifth-column tactics.

F. J. F. (Chelsea).—"Home is the safest place these days." Although there is always the risk of some friend popping in with his ukulele.

R. S. (Winchester).—"Neighbours do not seem to think much of my idea of helping the country by keeping pigs." They sniff at your efforts?

S. B. (Halifax).—"Can there be any reason for a healthy, able-bodied man staying in all day during this delightful summer weather?" Yes, poor bowlers and indifferent fielders.

R. B. (Bradford).—"It was bad enough having to dig in the broiling sun without having my small son asking question after question." You were hot and bothered.

A. C. (Salisbury).—"You can keep your London restaurants. The last one I entered served me with soup that tasted like dish-water." How did you know it tasted like dish-water?

RECRUIT (Yorkshire).—"Three times running I completely missed the target. Can you imagine anything that would cause the instructor to do more shouting?" Yes, if you hit him instead.

J. T. (Portsmouth).—"After the ship was wrecked, I was in the water for four hours before being picked up, and the only ill-effect I received was a sore throat." We trust the doctor did not tell you to gargle with salt water.

CAMPER (Blackheath).—"My tent blew away and then a policeman arrived to question me." About you having no fixed abode?

F. B. (Barking).—"I am nineteen stone, but the doctor said there was room in the Army for me." Only just, we should imagine.

MRS. G. G. (London, N.).—"Time changes everything. My husband isn't such a big idiot as he used to be." What is he dieting?

D. B. (Maida Vale).—"He fell out of the first-floor window and later admitted that he had been slightly intoxicated." He had a drop too much.

C. C. (Burnley).—"In our amateur play I had to come on the stage and say, 'Sir, Lady Godiva waits without.'" Well, it was very tactfully put, anyway.

W. H. (Staines).—"The other day it was the anniversary of our wedding and we killed a couple of chickens." But surely it wasn't their fault, was it?

OFFICE BOY (Pelling).—"The palmist who examined my hand said that I was very economical in some things." Wonder whether she alluded to soap and water?

D. B. (Bungay).—"I know a very poor married man who has quite a lot of letters after his name." And we know a very rich bachelor who has quite a lot of girls after his.

R. B. (East Coast).—"Our annual cricket club dance had to be suddenly cancelled this year." The umpires, we take it, were sent round the district calling out "No ball."

E. L. (Sutton).—"Parashooting has brought people together in a remarkable way." For instance, gamekeepers and poachers now find themselves on the same side.

NOTE THIS

"Illustrated," Britain's news pictorial weekly, will be published every Friday instead of Wednesday, starting with the issue on sale Friday, June 14. Order your copy now.

SPARE 10 MINUTES and WIN a POCKETFUL of CASH for 2 3 or 4 WORDS!

£250 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" 1222

W. ELLIS, "Lynton," 80, Siddeley Avenue, Stoke, Coventry.

Example: SONNY'S ON LEAVE, SO
Bullet: BLOWING OUR "DUMPS" SKY-HIGH!

£25: Miss E. L. SOLTON, 157, Hart Lane, West Hartlepool. Example: If Germany Won. Bullet: "Dry Up"—Guns Won't!

£10: H. RENDER, 31, Golf Links Road, Nottingham Road, Hull. Example: Remember, Fritz. Bullet: Where "Fatherland!" Landed Father.

£5: J. W. Lupton, 41, Danum Road, York. Our Ships—"Winners," Packed Each Way. £4: S. J. Turner, "The Bullet," Steer Park Terrace, St. Marychurch, Torquay. Brave Soldier—Nit—Wit! £3: G. H. Le Quesne, Port Road, Guernsey, C.I. Brave Words—Send-off Has Planned.

TEN PRIZES OF £2. 10. 0:

J. Beard, 77, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens, Lancs. Sunk—Self, Clears Victory's "Channel." J. W. Booth, 55, Grosvenor Crescent, Louth, Lincs. When Dad Gets To Work—As Parachut. Parish Hot! J. Bolton, 88a, Handel Street, Golcar, nr. Huddersfield Sunk—Differences, Worth Battle Squadron. Mrs. Clark, 5, Blinkbonny Grove, Edinburgh. His Duty—England Expected He Exceeded! J. W. Conner, 37, Rowan Street, Leicester. Alarming Germany—Threat Of Empty "Tanks." J. W. Cummings, 263, Maryhill Road, Glasgow. Our Ships—"Waits" Keeping Off "Shadow." N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey. Alarming Position—Alarmist In High Position. Mrs. M. Powell, 5, Chequers End, Gaddesden Row, Hemel Hempstead. Recipe for Hun—Fun—Gun Hun, Run! Mrs. E. Paton, c/o 130, Barrack Street, Glasgow. No Holiday—Frocks Needed. Taxpayer's "Relief." Miss N. Weir, 14, Bellevue Road, Ayr. With The B.E.F.—Until Mule Fancied Poilus!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY
THANKS TO WINSTON
NATION OF FIGHTERS
MAN WE CAN TRUST
IN EVERY HOME
RIGHT THING TO DO
DAD'S IN THE "PARASHOTS," SO

HEROISM ON THE LAND AT OUR DOOR
AT LAST TRAITORS WILLINGLY

BLOW FOR HITLER
THESE ARE DARK DAYS, BUT
OUGHT TO BE SHUT UP
NOW WE KNOW
DOING HIS BIT
JOHN CITIZEN
NAZI JUGGERNAUT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

FRUITS OF .....
MISSING MEN .....
LACK OF .....
HOME FROM .....
CARELESS .....
MAGNIFICENT .....

ENTRY-FEE

Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL, at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," stuck as instructed to form provided, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR 'Bullets' on one coupon show most all-round merit.

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'John Bull,' Long Acre,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for that in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

'BULLETS' PRIZES value over **£200**

1st PRIZE **£100** **£20** **£10**

£9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3

5 of £2-10s | 25 of 10/- | 200 SURPRISE AWARDS EACH VALUE 5/-

1,000 GOOD [illegible] — 2 SAVINGS STAMPS

Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,226
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JUNE 22

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

FOR YOUR HELPFUL 'BULLETIN' **ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL** FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS **ENTRY-FEE**
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords

1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH BULLET OR SQUARE ENTERED

PENSION · plus · CASH and NEW PRIZES for JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING X-WORD

BIG 2 IN 1 FIRST
20% WEEKLY for LIFE plus
or £275 LUMP SUM!
£25
25% CASH for ALL 1st RUNNERS-UP and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP
CASH NEST-EGG

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, June 22.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—each stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 4; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

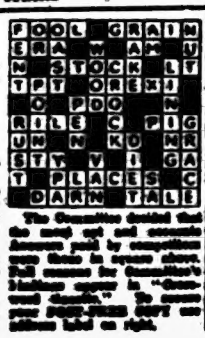
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 207, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Oblique host at village pub would rarely refuse to supply good customers with
2. Very old one may be quite hard to swallow
3. When good times come, extra hands are taken on by
5. One of silver would probably be worth great deal
9. There's a kind of air-raid shelter which is shaped like this
14. They may be pulled out by success
16. An easier road may possibly be found if one goes through this
17. War messages could be sent out in this or in some code

DOWN CLUES

1. When we grow up, childhood's adventures are forgotten in this
2. It's as well to be careful how you use one in the black-out
4. Is of special importance during war
5. Man who does this will probably improve with practice
7. Here's something at least which a castaway can generally have
10. Owing to shortage of ladder, most farmers will have to put up with this
11. Somebody's evidently been getting a bit wild if his cans are found to be caused by poker
12. Farmer might well object if his man do this badly
13. Teachers will tell you that foolish one may be most popular among pupils
16. Smart one will attract more attention in a quiet place
15. Chancellor should keep this on all luxury articles



The Committee desires that the most apt and accurate Answers paid by competitors gone those in square above. Full reasons by Committee's Guidance appear in "Crossword Gazette." To secure your POST-FREE copy see address label on right.

WIN £100 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 204.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 204, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following four competitors:—

1. EDWARDS, 4, Lord's Buildings, Rossendale, Lancs.
2. C. BOARE, "Invergay," 51, Pembroke Gardens, Edgware, Middx.
3. E. HOYES, Bowden, Gosport, Hants.
4. A. SHERLEDGE, 28, Stansell Road, Ashford, Middx.

These competitors share the First Prize of £100, and a cheque for £75 will be sent to each.

The award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 50 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the four entries received. These winners will each receive £1 4s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 400 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNER'S WORDS.—Across—1. Post. 3. Grain. 6. Stock. 10. Rifle. 11. Pig. 15. Places. 16. Barn. 17. Tale. Down—2. Post. 3. Gift. 4. Word. 5. Crook. 7. Lining. 8. Point. 9. Pen. 10. Rest. 12. Grass. 13. Disk. 14. Van.

☞ SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares, for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 207, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JUNE 22

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

Don't omit to complete Label below.

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....

POST-FREE "GAZETTE" & "BULLETIN" — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 6, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....
30 .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

In Bed 3½ Years

Spent £500 In Search Of Health

FOUND IT AT LAST IN A BOTTLE OF YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic

Wednesbury, Staffs.
April 19th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you how wonderful your Yeast-Vite Tablets are. I cannot find words good enough for them.

I was in bed for 3½ years. I could not get strong, so I set to work and I sent for a bottle of Yeast-Vite, and thanks to your Yeast-Vite I am getting about once more. I have paid about £500 in eleven years this June for one thing and another. I have been in the change of life, and I have been suffering with colitis for four years. I have been given up many times, but thanks to your wonderful tablets, I am sure without them I would not be here to put you this letter together, and it is a true statement. I am never without them.

I could not walk or stand this last Christmas, and now I can get about and dust my house and also wash up. I can sleep well, and eat my food better, very light food, yet if you knew what I have suffered you would not wonder why I have written this letter to you. I was in a dreadful state nine weeks back, but I have been brave, and taking these tablets has helped me wonderfully.

If any of my boys are looking poorly I give them a tablet and they are soon better. You can print this letter as you like, and my name as well. I would like you to print this. They are grand tablets, too wonderful for words.

(Signed) Mrs. A. F.

"I Gave Up Hope"

Dear Sirs, Feb. 9th, 1940.

I feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate the value of your wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I was a sufferer from Indigestion for a long period, and after taking numerous different medicines with no satisfactory results I gave up hope of being cured.

Then I read of your Tablets and decided to give them a trial, and after taking part of the contents of a small bottle, my indigestion disappeared. I would never be without them and to all I hear say they suffer from that awful complaint, I always recommend "Yeast-Vite" Tablets as the wonder remedy.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) D. E. H.

Thousands of people have written in praise of Yeast-Vite. You should test the wonderful Quick Tonic to-day.

"MARVELLOUS"
—*No Other Word Can Express What I Feel*

Dear Sirs, Cardiff, April 4th, 1940.

I have just been the victim of a very painful and serious illness, which left me in a very poor state of health. I tried various remedies to try and improve the state of my nerves and restore my vitality. None of these seemed to do me any good so, as a last resort, I decided to try your Yeast-Vite tablets, having read of their marvellous qualities. To-day I feel it my duty to write and tell you that the results obtained leave nothing to be desired. The tablets are really MARVELLOUS, no other word can express what I feel. I shall never be without them again.

You may use this testimonial as you wish. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends. Yours faithfully. (Signed) Mr. F. L.

Pharmacy Manager Recommends Yeast-Vite to Hospital Sister

Limehouse, E.14.
April 29th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

My husband, who is manager of a Pharmacy, has just been in the Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital for an operation, and the sister there asked him to recommend a good tonic, so he told her about Yeast-Vite tablets. Yours faithfully, (Signed) E. C.

Have You Ever Read This Offer?

Have you ever actually accepted our world-famous "No Relief—No Pay" offer? Do so NOW! If you are feeling Run-Down, Out of Sorts, Headachy, Rheumatic, or in any way below par, get a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite AT ONCE.

If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Sold everywhere.

So you're taking to a pipe!

Well, take your Uncle's advice and start with Four Square. You can spend a deal of money trying this and trying that, but you'll come to Four Square in the end. I'll tell you why: there's no artificial flavouring in Four Square. What difference does that make? Just buy an ounce, my boy, and you'll see for yourself!

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

8 DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS		FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS	
Mixture (Green)	1/5 per oz.	Cut Cake (Yellow)	1/5 per oz.
Curlies (Purple)		Ripe Brown (Brown)	
Mixture—Original (Blue)	1/9 per oz.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red)	1/9 per oz.
„ —Medium Light (Blue)		„ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES: Standard size (Plain or Cork-tipped): 20 for 1/5

PST/1

FEET TOO BIG FOR THEIR BOOTS?

BLAME STALE FOOT ACID

If your feet keep getting swollen and tender, so that you wince when you pull your boots on—then the cause of your trouble is stale Foot Acid. Your feet have 3,000 tiny sweat-pores to every square inch of skin. But often, when you've been walking or standing a lot, these pores get clogged and your feet can't breathe. Then Foot Acid piles up in your muscles. Your feet swell and throb and ache. Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in hot water with a handful of Radox added. Radox liberates 5 times as much oxygen as other bath salts. This life-giving oxygen supercharges the water, cleans out clogged pores, lets crippling acid get away. Swellings go down! Tired, aching, acid feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per 10 oz. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1/3

BAD LEGS

Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Chilblains and all Skin Troubles invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Ebbw Vale, Mon.: "*Some years ago I suffered from a Bad Leg; the doctor advised going to the Infirmary to have it off, but I tried HEALO and it saved my leg. I have recommended it to many sufferers.*" *Mrs. W....*

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

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